IS PRIVATE BANKING DOOMED?

BY SENATOR BRONSON CUTTING

Liberty

5¢

MARCH 31, 1934

NRA MEMBER U.S.

E DO OUR PART

WHAT
OLLYWOOD
STARS
EAR MOST

"Boy!..he must be using Fire-Chief!"

No use in chasing *that* one! The young man is right. *Fire-Chief* is in the tank. And that car is going places!

Greater Fire-Chief was developed for cars that must start instantly and get there fast! In fire engines, in ambulances, wherever quick, unfailing action is absolutely essential, there you will find *Greater Fire-Chief* on the job.

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The U. S. Government specifies for its emergency use:—"... a grade of motor fuel which is suitable for ambulances, fire engines, military and naval equipment, and for other emergency vehicles under adverse conditions of starting and acceleration—"

(excerpt from U. S. Gov't. pamphlet VV-M-571)

***Greater Fire-Chief* exceeds these specifications**

NRA

a greater Tune in on ED WYNN, the Fire-Chief, Tuesday Evenings, N. B. C.

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TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

Heiress to Copper Millions but she's a 'DENTAL CRIPPLE' just the Same!

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" BEGAN IT—

"Pink tooth brush" is a threatening condition of the gums which should be dealt with at once. Use Ipana with massage

The next time you see a photograph of this young woman in a rotogravure section—idling at Cannes or stepping off the gangplank of one of the "express" liners, wrapped in a few thousand dollars' worth of luxurious furs—forget her clothes, and notice her mouth. She never smiles. She's a 'Dental Cripple.'

Yet she has brushed her teeth—meticulously—three times a day—ever since she could manipulate a tooth brush under the supervision of a nurse.

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The dentist warned her, years later, that bleeding gums ("pink tooth brush") are often the first step toward gum troubles such as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—and may threaten the soundest teeth.

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Rely on Ipana and massage to keep "pink tooth brush" at bay—and you'll still be able to smile, confidently, a few years from now. You'll have healthier gums and sparkling white teeth! And you needn't worry about "pink tooth brush."

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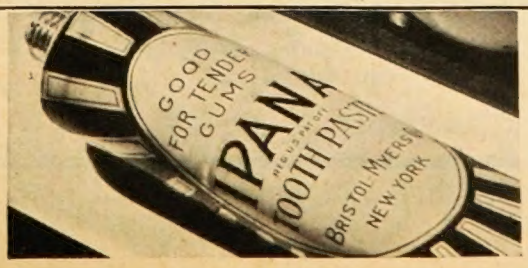

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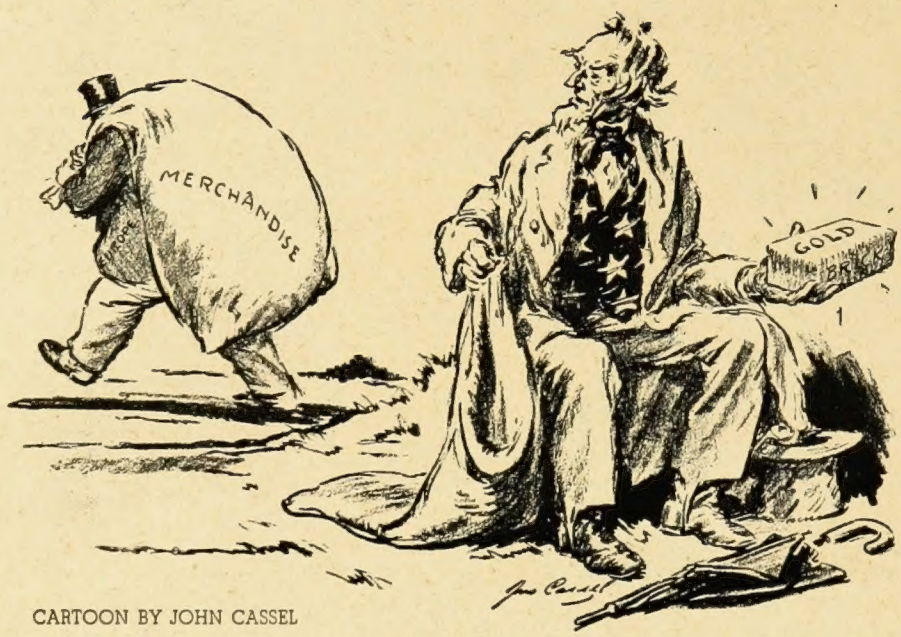
MARCH 31, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 13

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

WHEN GOLD CEASES TO BE MONEY

WHEN we think of money we consider it in terms of gold and credit, and wealth in forms of real estate and other tangible property. Money is anything that serves as a medium of exchange. At the dawn of civilization cattle is said to have been the common instrument of commerce; the Spartans used iron, and the Romans used copper.



CARTOON BY JOHN CASSEL

We, today, measure the value of the treasures of the world in the terms of gold as a monetary unit. That is the medium of exchange which our civilization adopted and it is recognized by international understanding.

We speak of something being " worth its weight in gold." We have had an unlimited amount of discussion about the gold standard—meaning our willingness to make all payments in gold when demanded. Take away from gold its acceptability as a medium of exchange and as a standard of values, and immediately its intrinsic value becomes only its worth as a commodity in the industrial arts.

Economics, as a science of social and political welfare, is only about 150 years old. We are living in an age when tremendous strides are being made in all fields of social and scientific endeavor. Many leading economists today refuse to accept as final the old-line theory that gold is and must be the only commodity which can serve as a medium of exchange and as an international standard of values.

England and other countries recently went off the gold standard. We also decided to hold on to our gold.

The government recently demanded that all hoarders of gold should turn over their holdings to the Treasury Department. We hear of millions of dollars in gold coming to this country from Europe, and we are inclined to wonder if the various countries of Europe might not be planning another bunko game against the United States. They dealt us "marked cards" in the financial game during and after the war. Their promises to pay were but little more than scraps of paper.

And suppose the various countries of Europe should decide to divest themselves of their hoardings of gold. If they are no longer on the gold standard, their promise to pay in the form of printed currency becomes money in every sense of the word. In fact, the gold and silver coin stamped with the government's approval is a guaranty of its value only as long as the government is responsible. And similarly printed money has the same value.

But if we continue to hoard gold, trade valuable merchandise for it, and the various other important countries would discontinue its use altogether, we would have a treasure of doubtful value.

When gold ceases to be used as money it then becomes a metal the value of which is determined entirely by its use in industrial arts. Then the value of gold would no longer be boosted artificially by the government. Its value would be regulated by the law of supply and demand and would probably be a small part of its present worth. That would be a colossal financial scoop for the European countries.

International settlements can be made entirely in goods and not in gold.

If Europe were to trade all the gold they had to us for merchandise and then discard gold as money, we would be left " holding the bag "—with nothing in it.

Maybe this is a wild supposition—but it presents interesting possibilities nevertheless.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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"It was having *Children* that made me take pyorrhea seriously"

(prevention MEANS something in their case)

FEW women pass through the time before a child arrives without gum trouble of some degree of seriousness. Dentists treat these cases with great care. They are treating not merely a temporary condition but working to prevent a dangerous chronic disorder.

The modern mother is watching her children's gums. Pyorrhea is not likely to be so prevalent among the rising generation as it is among adults today. It is said that four out of five people past the age of forty now have this gum disease.

In the past, people did not understand pyorrhea. They did not know that it might be working in the gums five years or ten years without being seen or felt. The knowledge of this secret undermining process and the dentist's warning about the importance of prevention are fast helping the public to deal with this disease. Even at the present time, however, pyorrhea is estimated as the cause of half the adult teeth which are lost.

Stay close to your dentist. Don't let more than six months go by without a dentist's examination. He, and only he, can detect pyorrhea in its earlier stages. Don't feel a false security—because you keep your teeth clean and there is no outward sign of decay. Pyorrhea is no respecter of teeth that are simply "clean." Your teeth are no sounder than your gums. And you may lose your teeth by twos and threes if your gums become undermined.

For special pyorrhea treatment at the chair, thousands of dental surgeons all over the country use the professional formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan who has devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. Then, in addition, there is Dr. Forhan's *home treatment* formula embodied in *Forhan's Toothpaste* which these dentists are recommending as a preventive measure between visits. Prevention is most important.

Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings. Preserve your teeth by getting ahead of gum trouble. See your dentist twice a year and put the whole family on a twice-a-day schedule of Forhan's Toothpaste. Besides being a fine toothpaste for cleaning teeth, it has a distinct *plus value* for the care of gums. Forhan's comes in a big tube—and it lasts a long time. At all drug stores. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

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Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

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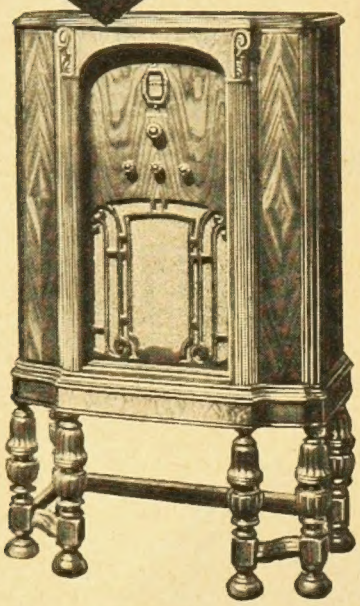

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Cover by GASPANO RICCA

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

BEGINNING

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

RUDY VALLEE

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Who says: "Nobody knows him. It now becomes my privilege to present to you for the very first time the man behind the golden voice that millions love."

★ ★ ★

LISA and the FAR HORIZONS

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

A story of simple lives, and a woman touched with enchantment

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES BY GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL ● FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES ● PAUL ANNIXTER ● GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK ● AND OTHERS

Is Private Banking Doomed?

"Control of credit does not belong in private hands. It is a government power."

Yes, Says a Fighting Champion of the New Deal—"It was President Roosevelt's Great Mistake" That He Did Not Nationalize the Banks on His First Day in Office!

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JUST before I left for Washington to attend the present session of Congress a banker constituent of mine whose intelligence I highly regard—and who is a good banker, incidentally—came to me in an angry mood.

"The government," he said bitterly, "is caught in the same dole system that is wrecking England. The idea of putting four million men to doing useless work is plain out-and-out charity. It is socialistic. It undermines personal initiative. Why, in many cases the government is paying more for this silly labor than industry itself pays. And the whole thing is placing a colossal unnecessary strain on government income."

He switched abruptly to his other pet abomination.

"You've got to depend on us bankers to keep recovery going, once it really begins," he said. "The government should leave us alone. Bronson, I hope you will oppose this government dole system and fight government tinkering with the banks."

I told him, when opportunity came, that I intended to support the so-called dole system of government-made work because as long as our present economic system continues there will always be from three to four million workers whom industry cannot employ.

"And as time passes," I added, "this number of permanently unemployed will grow instead of lessen."

He stood quite silent when I told him that I favored even more government tinkering with the banks.

SENATOR CUTTING SAYS:

● The bankers will now make a mighty struggle against abolition of the credit power of private banks. None the less, like any other outmoded machine, they must be scrapped.

● Here is a power controlling the very destinies of the nation. We have left it in the hands of individuals who have shown by their public testimony that they do not feel they owe any responsibility to the public.

● The protest at the government's made-work "charity" to four million unemployed is failure to examine facts and know the truth.

"Private banking," I said, "is doomed in this country by the New Deal. Control of credit is a government power that does not belong in private hands. Unless the administration presents a bill depriving bankers of this power, I myself shall introduce such a measure. Private control of credit must be abolished."

Both of these are key points in the development of the country's future. Without government employment of surplus labor and govern-

By SENATOR BRONSON CUTTING

AS TOLD TO FREDERICK C. PAINTON

ment control of credit, the New Deal must fail. In my opinion neither point is radical but rather a common-sense effort to bring the government into alignment with modern needs.

Every one now knows that the vital objective of the New Deal is to raise consumer purchasing power. There is a fundamental need of national planning to equate consumption with production. Such an equalization cannot be made unless the government employs the increasing surplus of labor to raise consumption to maximum levels, or unless, by control of credit, it forces industry to regulate its output.

The failure of consumption through unemployment and the wild gyrations of private-banking control of credit brought on the 1929 crash and will cause another even greater unless the government acts decisively now.

Let me say at once that I do not believe our political system needs any great change to achieve these ends. I am opposed to communism, fascism, or any other form of dictatorship. Those who wrote the Constitution of the United States knew what they were doing; but the Constitution is, after all, an eighteenth-century document and needs more than an occasional amendment to bring it up to date. It could well be rewritten. Nevertheless, our political system based on the Constitution is fundamentally American and should be preserved. We are capable of national economic planning without the shackling of human intellect now practiced in Russia and Germany.

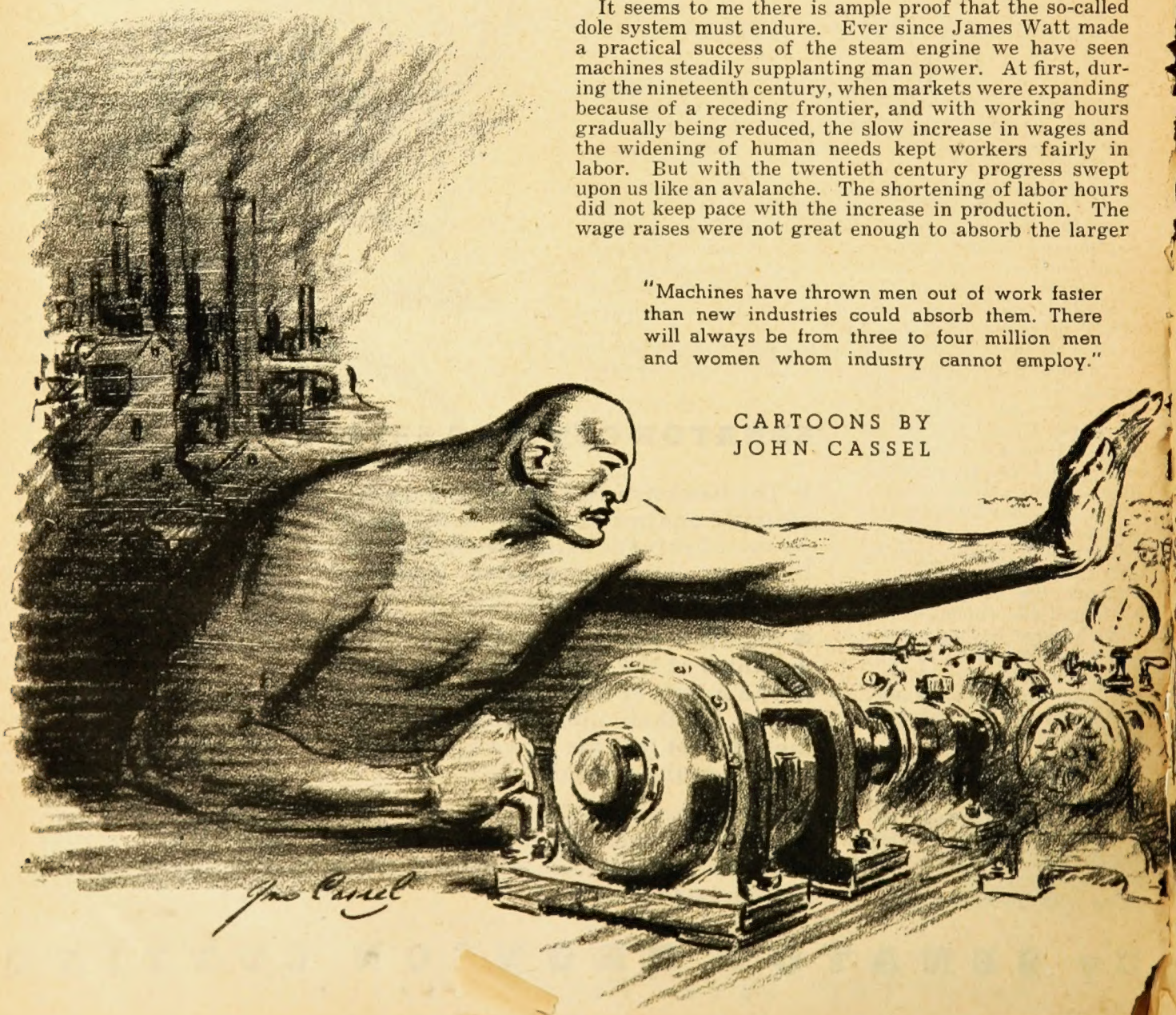
What we are now witnessing is a modernizing of our government to meet the changes of the last sixty years. This modernizing process is causing me—as well as thousands of my contemporaries—to discard the economic doctrine which we in our youth absorbed second-handed from Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and the others.

They started with an assumption that the supply of the necessities of life would always be insufficient, and built up an economic system based on the law of supply and demand. As long as there was a shortage of the necessities of life their system worked. But today we have turned from the economics of scarcity to the economics of plenty.

Yet, creatures of habit that we are, we grumble as my banker friend has grumbled and protest the vital changes necessary for our own welfare. I am no better than any one else in this respect, but as a public official I have necessarily examined the situation carefully. Hence, I venture to discuss the dole system and government reform of bank credits, not as a progressive but as a senator with one vote who is trying to apply his common sense to the situation that exists.

NOW, the government has put four million men and women on the Public Works Administration pay roll because industry cannot employ these people. The government will have to employ another four million next year and the year after and indefinitely continuing, because even if we do have a return of prosperity—a sensible prosperity—industry will still be unable to absorb all those who wish to work.

It seems to me there is ample proof that the so-called dole system must endure. Ever since James Watt made a practical success of the steam engine we have seen machines steadily supplanting man power. At first, during the nineteenth century, when markets were expanding because of a receding frontier, and with working hours gradually being reduced, the slow increase in wages and the widening of human needs kept workers fairly in labor. But with the twentieth century progress swept upon us like an avalanche. The shortening of labor hours did not keep pace with the increase in production. The wage raises were not great enough to absorb the larger



"Machines have thrown men out of work faster than new industries could absorb them. There will always be from three to four million men and women whom industry cannot employ."

CARTOONS BY JOHN CASSEL

output. And hence there arose what was called a norm of permanently unemployed.

Very early indeed these numbered a million men and their dependents. We knew about it casually; but it was not until the depression of 1921 that we had public admission from high place that our economic scheme was keeping men permanently unemployed.

In his report of 1922 the Secretary of Labor said, " In 1921 we had between five and six million jobless. We were in the throes of one of the greatest industrial depressions ever known. The nation fought its way through this period. . . . We are back to *normal* in our employment. *But we have made the startling discovery that normal in America means that approximately one and a half million men are detached from any pay roll.*" (The italics are mine.)

In 1928 and 1929 our unemployed reached a total of approximately three million. These were permanently jobless at the very time we were shouting an end to poverty.

The withdrawal of these millions as purchasers, and the increasing share of the national income taken by industry for larger plants and huge surpluses, brought on the crash of 1929. Then, of course, the unemployment grew, until in 1932 it reached a staggering total of twelve million jobless.

If in the height of our so-called prosperity three million men went jobless, how many will remain unemployed when and if we reach a point of recovery comparable to, say, 1926? The answer seems inevitably to point to four million men and women who must turn outside of industry to find work.

Since the low of last March, it is estimated that 3,500,000 men and women have returned to work. This uplift in business has, according to administration spokesmen, brought us back some 25 per cent toward the prosperity peak of 1929. Yet we are told in the same breath that 9,500,000 people are still without employment.

In other words, business, recovering 25 per cent, has absorbed 3,500,000 workers, leaving nearly three times that many still to find employment. Then we must recover another 75 per cent to absorb the remainder. That would bring us back to the insane peak of 1929—which would be impossible anyway.

If, which is a more sensible theory, we revive 80 per cent of the high of 1929, we should still have 4,000,000 jobless. And you can arrive at that same figure through several different considerations of the problem.

I shall be told that the very machines that threw men out of work created new lines of endeavor that absorbed the jobless. Once that statement might have been true in part; but we know now that machines have thrown men out of work faster than new industries could absorb them. And I am frank to say that I do not believe that any new industry or group of industries can reduce our permanently unemployed below the four-million mark.

Yet practically and morally these unemployed workers must be cared for. If purchasing power is to reach its ultimate high, they must have work and income to spend. Morally, they must have their chance to live like human beings. And when industry cannot care for them, then it becomes the government's duty. This it has done and released a torrent of criticism.

Most of this protest is, I believe, directed at the uselessness of much of the made work. But no one can be blamed for that. The winter was here—the emergency at hand—the duty plain.

But presently, when the emergency is passed, much constructive employment can be found for these millions of eager hands. The mere removal of 210,000 grade crossings would cost something like ten billion dollars and would keep many men employed a long time. With water power, flood control, drainage, reclamation, reforestation, housing, and educational and recreational needs, there is no excuse, for a good many years, in believing that we cannot utilize surplus labor.

Despite the fact that we shall all benefit from this work, the cry has gone forth that our taxation will increase. For the time being doubtless it will. But by forcing industry to pay higher wages, seizing part of the profits through taxation to keep *all* workers in jobs, the profits will grow and thus provide a greater national income which eventually will reduce taxation.

In short, we must have government regulation of all industry to name the capital return on money. The government regulation is becoming greater, will become more pronounced during this session of the Congress.

As a matter of fact I am more interested in seeing a growth of national income than in discussion of whether four million men and women shall have a so-called dole. And if capital gets its just—and only its just—return, if labor receives an adequate wage, and extra profits go to supplying needed work to those outside of industry's gates, our national income can again reach eighty billions a year. Real prosperity will be achieved.

There are many able thinkers who now believe that in the future, instead of letting industry make profits of which a portion is claimed through taxation by government, the government itself may start by doing all the work necessary for the nation-community and pay for it directly through certificates of work done for the state. I am not arguing for or against this theory, but it does bring me directly to the second point which my banker friend raised—interference by government with private-banking control of credit.

The announced objective of the present administration is to introduce national planning in order to adjust consumption to production. With private-banking control of credit such a realization is utterly impossible.

There is, let us say, a manufacturing company whose commodity is in good demand. Its president, desiring to increase his profits, decides to build an addition to his factory. He naturally approaches his local banker, and asks to borrow $4,000,000. The banker recognizes in the plant itself a sound collateral; he knows the company's prosperous condition; and if he be a broad-minded banker he perceives, too, a chance to increase the wealth of his community through greater employment. Naturally, he makes the loan.

But how does he make it? He writes on the credit side of a little book the figures, $4,000,000. He has, then, reached into thin air and summoned $4,000,000. He has created $4,000,000 out of nothing. What he has loaned is his bank's credit.

That loaning of confidence in his bank is his own private responsibility. He is accountable to no one but his board of directors.

Now, presume that in the far end of the nation another manufacturer of the same commodity also desires to expand. He approaches his banker, who makes the loan.

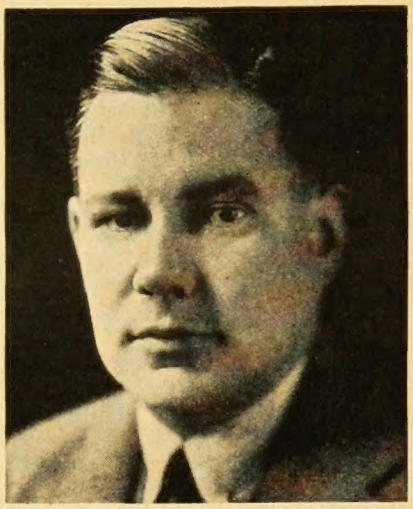
When the additions to the two manufacturing plants are finished and in operation it is discovered that the combined increase in production has flooded the market. Naturally the executives of the factories lay off men. But they have to lay off not only the newly employed but some of the old as well until a normal demand for their goods again presents itself.

A depression has begun in that industry, and we find national wealth uselessly tied up in too-big productive facilities and the manufacturers barricaded behind their surpluses awaiting better times. Heretofore no thought had ever been given to the men laid off.

With the overproduction which their czaristic control of credit created, the two bankers become worried and demand repayment of their loans. Yet when the banks made the original issue of credit they increased to that extent the amount of money in circulation. To that extent, also, they increased the price level. Hence, when they recalled their loans they deflated the price level by $8,000,000.

Yet, at the time they demanded their loans there was actually more goods in existence than when they made the loans. Obviously, to buy these goods there should have been more money in circulation instead of less.

To the extent that the above example actually occurred not once but many, many times in the years leading up to 1929, the banker can be held accountable for what followed. He exercises an uncontrolled and capricious power over credit that may be beneficent if he be lucky, but that is more apt to be destructive.



U. & U. photo

Senator Cutting of New Mexico, author of this forthright article, is at home a Santa Fe newspaper publisher, is identified with local progressive enterprises, takes an active interest in archaeology. He is a Harvard graduate and is an unquestionably independent Republican.

Most people, I believe, do not realize just how great that power is. Only a small part of our monetary system consists of currency. The greater part by far is made out of bank credit. Hence, the banker controls the major part of our financial system, yet works absolutely isolated from his co-bankers and under little public control. He is no different from any other human being. In good times he is optimistic, free with credit; in bad times he is cautious. This has brought about the axiom that in good times there is too much credit and in bad times not enough. The Federal Reserve system was supposed to remedy this human defect, but we know now that it did not.

During the Hoover administration government credit was poured out generously through the Federal Reserve and Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the hope that this credit would "sift" down to those needing it. But the credit never got any farther than the private banker. He was the dam where it gathered in a large pool.

THE banker was so in control of the nation's finances that even the government was powerless to get its credit to those needing it to lift us out of the depression. How fully he exercises this power is shown by the fact that there was little or no credit available in the United States in 1932 save through the government.

Here is a power controlling the very destinies of the nation. Yet the people of the nation have no word in the selection of the men who control credit. The men we elect to governmental power have little to say in authority. So the banker has held the power that enabled bankers to squander the national wealth in freak foreign loans and waste the national substance with overexpansion of industry at home.

With government control of credit, however, such ridiculous foreign loans would be impossible, and there could be no overextension of industry in the nation. It seems obvious, then, that government control of credit is the only tool by which we can have national planning.

Yet government control of credit does not necessarily mean the end of banks as we know them. Individuals and industrial enterprises will always need deposit money and issue checks. For giving this service the banks will make a charge. They will also be able to make small loans of the same nature as the loan of money between two men. But this is not the loaning of credit which has made the mischief. Either banks of this sort will be strictly regulated by the government, or else the government will take them over as an extension of the postal savings system. In either case they will be entirely sound, for they will be compelled to keep 100-per-cent reserves.

The fight against the abolition of the credit power of private banks will be a savage one, for their power as a unit is without equal in the country. Knowing this is why I think back to the events of March 4, 1933, with a sick heart. For then, with even the bankers thinking the whole economic system had crashed to ruin, the nationalization of banks by President Roosevelt could have been accomplished without a word of protest. It was President Roosevelt's great mistake. Now the bankers will make a mighty struggle.

But none the less, like any other outmoded machine, they must be scrapped.

OF course, the nationalization of banks by itself will not salvage our industry, nor yet will the employment by government of surplus labor bring us upward. Prosperity will depend thereafter on the policies pursued by those in charge. Surely the first step is to place the government in a position where it has full responsibility and then to hold it to strict account.

And there is where our two-party system would work if there was a distinct line of cleavage. It seems to me that the formation of a consumers' party would place the control of the government in the proper hands.

Every man on the street corner will tell you that the depression has come because our consuming power did not equal our productive output, yet practically no one acts as if this were so.

The consumers are completely unorganized. Even those experiments abroad in Italy, Russia, and Germany have not tried to organize them. Yet the consumers constitute the people of the United States. They are the one and only hope of what we call the capitalistic system. Will we begin to recognize that we are not labor or capital, or broker or store proprietor, and recognize that we are consumers, and consider our national problems from that angle?

Certainly the age-long battle between capital and labor is near its close. As machinery increases and man power declines, labor, it seems to me, must identify itself as consumers rather than continue a futile fight with capital to obtain a greater share of profits which under government regulation will be too small to be worth fighting for. Hence, we have a nucleus here on which to base a party that would see through consumers' eyes the necessity of more equal distribution of wealth, which would mean, of course, greater consumption and in the long run greater prosperity for us all.

If, as Thomas Jefferson once phrased it, "the earth belongs to the living," then we must throw away the old shibboleths, and look to the future instead of the past. For myself I have three positive conclusions:

First, the consumer is now the basic factor in our civilization, and until we recognize that fact, maladjustments will continue.

Second, the government must consider itself as the representative of the consumer and not as a representative of capital or labor whose perennial war has helped produce the mess we are now trying to climb out of.

Third, the success of any New Deal depends primarily on government control of credit and government employment of the surplus labor on national projects.

THE END

Two and Two Together

Here's a New Kind of Thriller—The Story of a Radio-Murder Plot that Picked the Wrong Victim

by EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

McCarn saw a man step out of the pool room and flash a glance up at his darkened windows.

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

"OH, it's a radio!" cried Kitty McCarn as she lifted it out of its cardboard container. "Now wasn't that nice of the boys!"

"And this one's a short-wave set," said Detective McCarn, wincing as his splinted leg twitched. He had to sit with it stretched before him on a footstool. "Say, that was swell of the fellows, wasn't it! I can pick up all of Quarles's signals—I can keep track of all the cars."

Detective McCarn was temporarily "ex-" as far as the force was concerned, because he had a bullet-shattered leg that was slow in healing. If he hadn't gone alone into that loft in the fur district—strictly against the orders of his superiors—he wouldn't have been shot, they said, by the thugs who were waiting there to plug him. He couldn't wait for reënforcements—not McCarn!

His wife, with her characteristic promptness, had already placed the set on the living-room table at Dan's elbow, convenient to a wall outlet. She unwrapped the tubes, which were neatly packed in cotton batting, each in its separate box. There was an aërial lead dangling

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

just outside the window which a previous tenant had conveniently left. She connected it with the new set.

Dan's eyes dwelt on her sunny hair and her nimble fingers. Then his gaze roved to the radio tubes.

"Listen, honey," he said, fumbling in a pocket. "I need cigarettes. Go down to the corner and get me a carton, will you? I'll finish this. And while you're out, step in at that radio shop and get a duplicate set of these tubes. It's always a good idea to have an extra set around."

"Well, but—" Kitty reconsidered her objection quickly. "All right, darling; but I just hate to leave you—even for a minute."

He reached for the telephone extension on the table and called his friend Lieutenant Quarles at headquarters. Quarles was in the radio division—called the Bureau of Telegraph—and he it was who had charge of the broadcasting, and of the U-shaped board which mapped all the boroughs of New York under glass on which were moved the small brass disks that represented cars of the radio patrol.

"Listen, Will," said Detective McCarn. "Did any of the boys send me a short-wave radio set?"

"Why, no," said Quarles; "not that I know of."

McCarn told him about the radio tubes wrapped in cotton batting.

"You swing on to those," snapped Quarles, "and *keep* 'em wrapped that way! I'll get the Bureau of Explosives to send up for them."

"They lined up a big bunch in that gambling

"GOOD thing you went after those tubes," Dan said when Kitty returned. "Some of these are bad—I couldn't tell which without having them all tested. Will Quarles called up—asked me if I'd got the set. Said he'd send for the tubes, get them tested."

McCarn had been in close touch with the Bureau of Telegraph before he had been made a detective by way of promotion. For eighteen months he had been a patrolman in a radio car, and had distinguished himself by the fact that he never stopped, looked, or listened when swift action was indicated. He could kill a thief—and had—as cheerfully as he could crush a cockroach. A cockroach had more right to be alive.

He hated thieves. He hated them because they were despicable dogs, devoid of the first spark of courage, who were hopped up with drugs before they would take a chance, who never gave a copper or anybody else an even break for his life. They were human vermin who had been lionized by the press and romanticized by the movies.

These things McCarn thought of darkly as he tuned in with the short-wave receiving set. He had to try it out because Kitty thought it was a gift from the boys in Lieutenant Quarles's department. There were two hundred men in this division, the nerve center of the Police Department, and Dan knew a great many of them personally. He also had scores of friends among the officers who manned the "peedee" cars—so called because they were marked P. D. for Police Department—which patrolled every section of every borough of New York night and day.

The set worked fine. His muscles tautened as he heard the number of his old car called again: "Calling car One-two-nine-six. Calling car One-two-nine-six. Code thirty-two. Tenth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. Code thirty-two."

Code thirty-two meant a holdup.

The McCarns lived in a flat on upper First Avenue, in the neighborhood respectabilized, so to speak, by the encroachment of society into Sutton Place. Here Dan McCarn had been born and nurtured when it was merely a gas-house district.

He had had many neighbors who had turned out to be honest and a few who had turned out to be thieves. He had gone to public school, for instance, with Saw-toothed Louie Solz and Seppi Ferranti, who now reigned high among the gangsters. They would soon, if Dan McCarn had had his way about it, have been in line for a trip up the Hudson, perhaps with an electrical finish. His short-wave radio, Dan was convinced, came from them. They were prone to such bold gestures, now that they had become notorious and fed their vanity at the slop trough of the press.

He was sure of it next day when Lieutenant Quarles called him up.

"Fulminate of mercury, Dan, in three of those tubes—enough to have blown you and Kitty both to hallelujah. All you had to do was switch on your set—the current would have done the rest. Thank God you called me, Dan!"

"Well, it was swell of the boys," said Dan heartily for Kitty's benefit. "The set works fine. Don't send the tubes—I bought some. But say, Will—can you spare me some of those brass disks they move around on the map? I want to play a game while I'm laid up here."

"Sure," chuckled Quarles. "I'll do better than that. I'll send you a map of Manhattan and plate glass to cover it. And some of the brass rings, too."

angout—upstairs over the Village Club."

sales and no names of purchasers taken. Trying to trace the tubes was still more hopeless. A man who understood explosives had "doctored" them, but that was all that could be said of them.

Only one thing bothered Dan about the radio. Whenever anybody in the house used a dial telephone, the click-click-click, click-click-click-click of the dial apparatus as it sent its automatic signal over the telephone circuit made harsh click-clicks in the speaker of his radio too.

THE telephone company said this was an old complaint and was not their fault. The telephone wires were in no way connected with the electric wires serving the radio. But, somewhere in this five-story building McCarn lived in, the telephone wires came close enough to electric lines so that the dialing click-click was communicated by induction to the electric current. It was an old house and hence much of the wiring was exposed.

By the same method, McCarn remembered from his war days, men of the signal corps had been able to "tap" telegraph lines of the enemy by running lines alongside them. The signals jumped the gap, were picked up by induction.

The trouble bothered him for a while, but soon he made a game of this, too, when crime was dull over the radio. He practiced to see if he could catch with his quick ear all the clicks of each telephone call as they were transmitted through the speaker. He found that he could. He could tell his wife the number she had dialed, when she had finished telephoning at the other end of the flat.

The brass disks, about the size of a penny but eight or ten times thicker, represented the several hundred peedee cars on Quarles's map. The brass rings, which just fitted around the disks, symbolized repair cars. The radio cars reported periodically by telephone, and when one of them was disabled a repair car was rushed to its location. Then a ring was left around the disk on the map as long as the car was out of commission.

In this manner Lieutenant Quarles could tell at a glance where every radio car was, in every borough. Each disk bore the number of its car. Each car cruised within a given radius in a certain district.

DAN got his map and his disks and rings and began to play his game. As he heard the signals called by Quarles's announcer, he removed his brass disks to the focus of trouble on the map. He followed the radio patrol as they swooped down on holdup men or cornered burglars and "pete men"—safe-blowers—at their work. Often he could guess when it was the work of Saw-toothed Louie's mob. He knew their technique. It was frequently they who tried to draw off radio cars to a safe distance with their false alarms before they attempted the main job.

Days passed, and McCarn had heard nothing more from his underworld enemies. The department made an attempt to trace the radio set, but was unsuccessful. It was one of thirty or more sets that had been sold on a single day at a special sale by a downtown house, all cash

He idly picked up numbers dialed from elsewhere in the building. There were only two other telephones besides his own—a coin box in the public hall downstairs and a booth phone in the pool room that occupied the ground floor. Kitty did not like this pool room, and often had begged Dan to move. She wanted a house in Queens somewhere.

Click-click, went the dial telephone in the pool-room booth. Click-click-click-click.

That would be CH, for the Chelsea Exchange. The C was in the frame with the figure 2, while the H was in the fourth frame of the dial.

Then: Click-click-click-click. Click-click-click. Click-click-click-click-click-click. Click-click-click-click. Click-click-click-click-click. Chelsea 4-3645.

The booth phone in the pool room called that number several times every night, and occasionally in the daytime. McCarn was sure it was this phone, because he got Kitty to go out into the hall and verify the fact that no one was talking over the coin-box phone below.

Whenever Chelsea 4-3645 was called there were extra clicks of the dial, as if a half-hearted and uncompleted effort had been made to dial another number after the connection had been established. But these extra clicks

were not as loud as the original signals for the number dialed.

McCarn pondered over this. It happened with no other phone call he picked up. It was as though somebody kept fooling with the dial after the number had been called.

McCarn jotted down the number of extra clicks. There was a series of four. They corresponded with the dial numbers of seven-six-five-naught. He wrote the numbers down, with their corresponding letters on the dial:

7 P R S
6 M N O
5 J K L
0 Z

The name SOLZ stared at him. The four numbers were a code call, unquestionably.

"Kitty," he exclaimed, "come here! Have I stumbled on to something? What a swell telephone code!"

"How do you mean?" asked Kitty.

"I mean this." He showed her on the dial of his phone. "Go out and telephone me from the nearest coin box with a dial. When I answer, don't say anything—just spell it out on the dial. Spell out 'Meet me at six, same place.'"

"Right," said Kitty. "I see what you mean. You've got a brand-new parlor game, haven't you, darling?"

She went out and telephoned him. The clicks were swift and close together, but an ear trained to it could catch the numbers. The only trouble was that after six or eight repetitions the dialing cut off the connection. McCarn pondered. Manifestly they were not sending their code signals that day except perhaps for the spelling of the short word SOLZ.

When Kitty called him back, he instructed her not to try the extra dialing again, but to tap out the numbers distinctly with a coin on a metal part of the telephone. Now the clicking sounds were merely mechanical, not electrical, and were clearer and more satisfactory. It was a system far better than the old Morse-code tapping which crooks had been known to use. There were three letters for each number, true, but it was obvious enough from the context which letters were intended:

6 - M N O 6 — M N O 2 — A B C 6 — 6
3 D E F 3 D E F 8 T U V
3 - D E F
8 — T U V

Having jotted down the number of clicks heard, any person by brief reference to a telephone dial could decode the message easily.

McCarn called headquarters and talked to various persons in authority.

He got, first, the name of the telephone subscriber at Chelsea 4-3645. It was a "private" number, but the department found out it was listed in the name of Camilla Borden. McCarn did not know that name, but he suspected it would prove to be the current name of a hard-faced flaxen-haired girl he had known of old—the reigning moll of Saw-toothed Louie Solz. And special inquiry by the department proved this to be a fact. She lived at an apartment at 446 Waverly Place, in Greenwich Village.

THE department was glad to learn where Camilla's present domicile was, but several nights' watching of her walkup apartment house revealed nothing of value. Then a telephone technician came up from headquarters and discreetly traced the wiring in Dan McCarn's house.

Neither the law nor the telephone company looked with favor upon indiscriminate wire-tapping, but here the circumstances were exceptional.

Thanks to the telephone technician, McCarn soon had at hand a special headset with which he proposed to find out what they were planning.

But, as luck would have it, the calls ceased. Camilla Borden, the detectives reported from the Greenwich Village end, was out of town.

The Chelsea number did not click through on McCarn's radio set until the evening of the night-club holdup in Greenwich Village.

McCarn grabbed his headset before the call was completed. He heard the sound of the receiver being lifted at the Chelsea end of the connection. Then he heard the familiar extra clicking on the phone downstairs the numbers 7-6-5-0 which spelled "Solz." Then he heard a woman's voice, hard and unmusical:

"O. K. First Avenue?"

"Right," said the caller downstairs. "Seven-six-five-0 there?"

"Yeah. Wait a minute."

McCarn could see now what their system was. They did not use a telephone code for all conversations, apparently. They did the extra signaling merely as a precaution, to make it plain that one of the gang was calling. And unless the code sign was given by the caller and repeated by the listener, there would be no talking done. And with the automatic dialing system, there was no record, and no way of tracing a call except while the conversation was going on.

"ALL right," said a rasping husky voice which McCarn well remembered. "What you want, First Avenue?"

"Here's the figures: two-five-five seven-three-eight three-six-seven one-two-six—"

"Aw, can that! I ain't got time to figure out that tripe. Ain't nobody around to hear you, is there?"

"Naw, Louie; nobody back in this end. But I thought—"

"It's safe enough. What do you want? Spill it."

"I just wanted to know if it's all set for one o'clock?"

"One is right. All set yourself for the uptown end?"

"Right. Twelve thirty, say?"

"Little later. Make it twelve forty. That's twenty minutes' leeway."

"Right. And say, Louie—do we cook this bird tonight?"

"Upstairs? Naw. Don't take no chances. That radio bust was bad enough. I think we better wait till he's hobblin'. Wait till I talk to you."

"Right."

The two receivers clicked off the connection.

So there had been plans afoot to "cook" him, had there? McCarn switched off the lights in the living room and hobbled on his crutches to the front windows. Kitty was busy in the rear of the flat.

Presently McCarn saw a man step out of the pool room and flash a glance upward at his darkened windows, then hurry away. It was no crook known to McCarn.

He called Lieutenant Quarles at headquarters. Normally he would have gone to the Detective Department first, rather than to the Bureau of Telegraph, but he thought Quarles ought to be told what he knew without delay.

"'All set for one o'clock,' eh?" Quarles repeated thoughtfully. "And an 'uptown end' at twelve thirty or twelve forty. What does it sound like to you?"

"It sounds like you'll hear of a disturbance uptown somewhere, and twenty minutes later another show—maybe the main one—downtown."

"Right. And we'll be watching for both of them, Dan. Take it up through the usual channels, will you?"

"Right," said McCarn, and proceeded to do so.

It was past ten. He spent the evening, as usual, listening to the police calls. He encouraged Kitty to go to bed early, promising not to sit up very late himself.

Twelve thirty passed—twelve forty-five, one o'clock—and still only routine calls for small troubles here and there.

But at one sixteen came an imperative bulletin:

"Calling cars eight-nine-six, six-0-eight, three-seven-two, nine-0-one. Central Park Casino. Code thirty-two. Calling cars eight-nine-six, six-0-eight, three-seven-two, nine-0-one. Central Park Casino. Code thirty-two."

Code thirty-two—a holdup!

There was, Dan remembered in a flash, some sort of débutante function going on at Central Park Casino, which society in recent years had taken for its own. He had gone through the afternoon papers for a possible clue as to what sort of uptown job might have been planned by Louie and his mob. He had scarcely considered the affair at the Casino as being a target for gangland.

Very soon orders were rapped out for four more cars to proceed to Central Park, and then McCarn heard, to

● He grabbed his headset and heard the interchange of the countersign.

his amazement, the signals for half a dozen emergency repair cars to be rushed there. That sounded ominous. It hinted of machine-gun activity, disabled cars. This seemed to be anything but the false alarm he had suspected Louie Solz of "planting."

"Calling cars eight-three-three, two-seven-nine, one-three-four-eight, six-one-one. Central Park Casino. Code thirty-two. Code forty-six. Central—"

Then he heard over the radio what he had most expected and feared—a string of police-car numbers followed by the signal:

"Code thirty-two. Village Night Club, MacDougal Street. Code thirty-two."

A glance at McCarn's map told him the cars in this district had been thinned out. They had not been sent to Central Park, but some of them had been moved farther uptown to take the place of cars that had been sent. And many of the cars that had reached the park had "rings around them" now, were out of commission.

McCarn hobbled to the windows and listened hopefully for newspaper extras. It was half an hour before he had news—a call from headquarters.

"There's hell to pay—they said you might like to know," said his informant. "That Casino shindig was a bluff—nobody shot and nothing stolen. They lined up everybody in the place, and fired a couple hundred shots in the air outside. We kept getting reports that half a dozen people were shot—"

"But what about all those repair cars?" Dan broke in.

"That was the worst thing they did. They strewed one-inch tacks—regular spikes they were—on every road in the park leading to the Casino. There's ninety cars jammed up there with flat tires—including a dozen radio cars. That's what the repair calls were for."

"AND in the Village?" demanded Dan. "What happened there?"

"Lousy shame! They got away with it. They croaked a chap, too, who tried to get out a gun. They lined up a big bunch in that gambling hangout—upstairs over the Village Club, you know—and they stripped everybody in the night club, too. A hundred grand, they must have got away with. The boys got there too late—nobody had a chance to call us in time, maybe. But that ball-up in Central Park—"

"Wait a minute!"

McCarn could still hear the announcer at headquarters giving orders to untangle the confusion of the radio fleet, and he heard something more. Suddenly he switched off the short-wave set and snapped to the man at headquarters: "Call you back in a minute."

A familiar clicking in his radio had warned him of a call to Chelsea 4-3645. He grabbed his headset and clamped it over his ears.

He heard the interchange of the countersign 7-6-5-0 Solz.

"Well, what's holdin' you up?" snarled the voice of Louie Solz.

"I just wanted to ask you if everything worked out smooth, Louie."

Louie chuckled harshly. "I'll say! But if you think we're gonna wait on you mugs much longer, you're nuts. If you want your cut you'd better show here—and make it snappy."

"Right, Louie. I just thought maybe you'd like for me to take care of that upstairs matter first—"

"I told you once, you sap—wait'll I talk to you!"

"O. K. We'll be right down."

BUT Louie did not have a chance, on that eventful night, to talk to his uptown henchman about that or any other matter. For the tip which Detective McCarn phoned to headquarters brought first a quiet concentration of plain-clothes men to 446 Waverly Place, and then a fleet of radio cars to back them up if necessary. This, however, was not necessary, as Lieutenant Quarles explained to McCarn when he telephoned just before going home.

"They didn't even put up a scrap, they were so surprised," said Quarles. "The only fight Louie showed was when he tried to kill one of those rats from uptown—he thought they had double-crossed him. We caught the whole gang—with the goods on 'em this time. And say, Dan, there's eight thousand dollars out in rewards for Louie and his mob, and your chief thinks you ought to get most of it—for arrest and conviction, you know—and there's no doubt of a conviction this time. They'll burn for killing that chap in the Village Club. Your chief says that he just wants to know one thing: how'd you do it?"

"You could have told him that, Will," said McCarn with a chuckle. "It was all because Louie was so kind as to send me a radio. I just kept putting two and two together till it made a telephone number."

As he said good-by to the lieutenant he heard Kitty call to him sleepily from the back room:

"Dan, darling, aren't you ever going to get through playing that hare-and-hounds game?"

Dan snapped off the radio and reached for his crutches.

"Why, I'm just about through, Kitty gal," he answered her cheerfully. "Just about through!"

THE END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK SWAIN

EVERY OTHER INCH A Gentleman

The original negative had been torn and heel-marked and mutilated in every way you can think of.

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

PART TWO

VIRGINIA COMES INTO MY LIFE

B. J. HASDID, a mogul of the moving-picture industry, decides that it is time for the world to know him better through a biography. His scenario editor suggests Carl Vogel, the greatest living biographer, as the man for the job. Vogel agrees to write the book for $50,000 and requests that, pending his arrival in Hollywood, Mr. Hasdid give him some notes on his career.

Mr. Hasdid dictates a series of extended notes on his life to Lottie Graham, his efficient secretary. He tells of his father's arrival in this country from Turkey with a total capital of two dollars. He notes his father's start as a peddler, and his graduation to a rug shop, in which B. J. Hasdid himself humbly began his business career. He tells of his longing for romance and adventure, which led him to "join the navy and see the world." He narrates his first modest venture in the moving-picture industry, which was to start him on his meteoric rise to a leading place in the cinema world.

As he modestly tells Miss Lottie, he feels that he owes it to posterity to give it a true picture of "the real B. J., the statesman, the scholar, the diplomat, the leader, the warrior, the peacemaker, the thinker, the speaker, etcetera."

These early notes bring Mr. Hasdid's life story up to his meeting with Virginia Carter in 1912, an event that was to exert a tremendous influence on his whole future career.

VIRGINIA CARTER was a great actress and was having a huge success. It was this great common interest which drew us so close together. She was born as Mary Muggins in Brunswick, New Jersey, and it was only later that her press agent discovered she was a belle from old Kentucky and she begun to acquire a Southern accent which has lost her a lot of friends in Hollywood.

The big theatrical success of that spring I speak about was The Virginia Coquette, and Virginia, only eighteen at the nonce, was starring in it. I shall never forget that first performance, which I saw many times. My heart, Lottie, which I have always held in a strong lease and an iron control, stopped beating. I had never seen anything in a feminine form so sweet, so delicate, so frail, so-- and yet she had *quelque chose*, as the French say, which

An Anonymous Hollywood Saga

"So," I says with a rising inflection. "I hear you don't like your bungalow. It's too bad about you, Miss Muggins!"

I stopped my pacing to light a cigarette, found the box empty, and hurdled the damned thing right through the window.

in our own tongue means "that thing." And she had a mass of great golden curls which tumbled like a catarack down her shoulders and even overflowed on to her bosom.

Those curls undid me, Lottie, for blondes has always been my *meatier* (French for "weakness").

They say of me now, Lottie, that I possess the "showman's hunch," and I never had a better hunch than Virginia Carter turned out to be. No sooner had the curtain dropped than I made my way to her dressing room, of which I had to bribe the stage-doorman for an entrance, but I did not even stop to count the cost as is my customs.

En route to her room I planned just how I would attack her. I reasoned with myself that being as she herself was delicate and gentle, she would appreciate a man who could domineer her and act as a bullocks, who was to sweep her from her moorings. So I was cold and brash-like and swept her.

MY eyes was alive with lightning flashes, my voice was dark with distant thunder, yet withal underneath I employed a lot of amber tones which shades everything and give her to know that deep below was a rich vein of tenderness the while. I told her she was the greatest artist of our time, that her beauty was a patren after my own heart, which was the Greek model, and how about having a snack with me? Virginia was not reverse, as she always ate after the show anyhow, so we went our ways in an *ensemble*, as the French say.

How shall I describe those next few days I spent with this innocent flower, whose fragrance filled every nook and corner of my unspoiled boyish heart with a divine sweetness? She seemed to have no thought for herself but only for me, who was encouraged to talk and tell her about myself, my hopes, my dreams, and was I succeeding as I deserved to, and was I saving my money against the future, and would I not tell her everything that concerned me. I told her the story of my life, of my humble beginnings, of my obstacles which I had wrestled with, and of the $20,000 I had saved out of it all.

Well, Lottie, the next night she asked if she couldn't bring along to supper a friend of hers, a director, who she was trying to help his career along, and maybe if he could meet a man like me it would be a respiration to him.

THIS man, Lottie, was Jacob Edward White, whom as you know later become one of the three or four really great moving-picture directors. J. E., as I shall call him, was a young man and like myself alive with idols. He had been an actor and was very familiar with the stage. He had a lot of courage and he was a radical, which of course made us twin souls. When I say radical, Lottie, I don't mean "Red." I mean he was impatient of worn-out things and wanted to break through with new experiments. When we sat at that table—it was at old Delmonico's, I remember—J. E. did most of the talking.

So far there had been no long pictures made except one or two that had come from Italy. Now, J. E.'s idea was to take the play Virginia Carter had starred in, and go out to California to make a picture of it, following as closely as he could on the screen the story that had been a success in New York, no matter how many reels it took to do it in. Virginia was to go to play her same part. They had figured it would take about $20,000.

Let me tell you, Lottie, any other man would have hesitated a long time before risking $20,000 to go so far away and take a chance on one man. But if there's one thing I pride myself on, it's knowing my chance when I see it.

Well, I didn't give J. E. his answer that night, although he must have seen how affected I was.

Well, Lottie, when I got Virginia home, a queer thing happened. I turns to Virginia to say good night, my voice husky with inhibitions and my eyes diverted on account of the walls of my reserve might break, when I'm a son of a gun if she don't collapse on my bosom and cry like as if her heart would break, sobbing and hysterical and what have you, and her clinging to me like I was a rock in a weary land.

I tried to reason with her, telling her I was married. But that didn't seem to have no weight. So finally I said what if I was to get a divorce? And she, Virginia, practically admits that if I were to be free she would sooner marry me than any man she'd ever met.

Well, when I got home I felt like a different man, but I acted just the same, so that even my father didn't know anything was different with me. But my wife noticed it.

One night after I came home and we had gone up to our room my wife wanted to know what was the matter with me. She felt I was cold toward her, and besides she has always had right hunches about me—woman's tuition, the scenario writers call it—and she felt there was another woman in my life. I admitted it and I told her I had concluded the best thing for us was to get a divorce. If there's one thing I pride myself on, Lottie, it's on my frankness, *(Continued on page twenty-one)*

"DODGING TRAFFIC TAKES HEALTHY NERVES, TOO, MR. HOCKEY PLAYER—"

Miss Ruth Dodd of New York, *says:*

"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys — traffic whistles — trucks and taxis bearing down on you — it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder — and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

Captain "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers, 1933 Champion Hockey Team, *says:*

"A hockey player can't afford to have 'nerves.' I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Few are those today who have not been face to face with the "jangled nerves" that our modern, high-speed life is blamed for!

You know the signs — tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like key-rattling... hair-mussing... pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that flinch.

Check up now on *your* habits that may cause jumpy nerves. The way you eat and sleep. Your work and play. And get a fresh slant on smoking by making Camels your smoke.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.

You'll find Camels rich in flavor — yet mild and delicate. Smoking will have a new zest. And each Camel renews the enjoyment... the full, satisfying taste... the pleasure of smoking at its best!

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CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Never get on your Nerves
Never tire your Taste

NOW GOING ON - FROM COAST TO COAST!

Spring Showing of the Frigidaire '34

BE OUR GUEST · SEE WHY THOUSANDS ARE SAYING "OURS IS A FRIGIDAIRE '34"

If you think that electric refrigerators must be noisy or expensive to run—if you think that ice trays must stick or that defrosting is necessarily a nuisance—then you should see the Spring Showing of the Frigidaire '34. Because something has happened in electric refrigeration that makes inconvenient refrigerators entirely out-of-date.

In the Frigidaire '34 an automatic release slides the ice trays out at a touch of your finger. Defrosting is automatic. The sound of the motor has been reduced to a whisper. The power unit has been made so efficient that it uses amazingly little current. In the Super and De Luxe series shelves are adjustable up or down. There is a cabinet of Lifetime Porcelain inside and out . . . there is greatly increased ice freezing capacity, a larger vegetable Hydrator, and a cold storage compartment.

The special Spring Showing of the Frigidaire '34 line is now going on in every Frigidaire showroom. You are invited to be our guest during this colorful display and to learn the many ways in which the Frigidaire '34 is different from any other electric refrigerator. Be sure to attend.

Amazing Economy

HERE IS A FRIGIDAIRE THAT ACTUALLY USES LESS CURRENT THAN ONE ORDINARY LAMP BULB

Model Standard 434

(Continued from page eighteen) honesty, and knowing when to tell the truth.

In her quiet way, Rosetta is the smartest woman I ever met in my life. She didn't go into hysterics, but she talked to me quietly and sensibly. She said to me, " B. J., you know I love you, and I will always love you so much that I want you to have everything I think will make you happy. If I believed that this Virginia Carter was the right girl for you, I would let you have a divorce right away. But I don't think you understand yourself as well as I understand you. You'll always want excitement, you'll want new things, and you'll always need glamour and variety. But way down deep inside of you, so deep you can't see it yourself, is that feeling that needs a home and a wife and children."

I argued with her about this, told her she was wrong. I loved my children and I loved her like I would my sister. But I had outgrown her.

" You think so now, maybe," she answered, " and maybe you're right. I'm willing to give you your freedom and to let you go. But in return you must do one thing for me. You can go to California with this actress and you can try it out there for six months. After you have been away from me and the children for six months, if you still want to marry this girl I won't raise any more objections."

I could see that that was a fair proposition, and besides I was so sure I wouldn't change my mind that I already imagined myself the husband of Virginia Carter. So I said to my wife, " That's fair enough."

I had several more talks with J. E. and Virginia Carter. I decided to put the whole of my $20,000 savings into the making of The Virginia Coquette. We bought a camera, and that was all we bought; and on the 10th of June, 1912, Virginia Carter, J. E., and I left for California.

We left New York, Lottie, with heads high and hearts aloft, never once looking back upon the city we had left, like Lot's wife who got turned into a pillow of salt, but on to the city of our dreams, the city we was destined to shape according to our idols. Onward, ever onward to the golden West, the land of the rising sun.

BUT just a minute, Lottie. Before we start in this morning, I want you should take a wire to David, who Mrs. Hasdid feels she has good reason to worry about, being as she hasn't heard from him in over two weeks, him being a faithful correspondent with never less than two letters a week, and often three—though not to his father, who, after all, is only the provider. Mrs. Hasdid feels as if he must be ill abed, but I told her he could always send a wire, couldn't he, even if he should be at death's door? So I promises to send a wire myself before going to bed. But I figured why pay for one myself when I could send one this morning at the studio's expense, which would reach him nearly as soon any way you look at it? Take this:

MOTHER ALARMED OVER YOUR FAILURE TO WRITE STOP FEARS YOU ARE IN TROUBLE STOP I KNOW BETTER AS IF YOU WERE THAT YOU WOULD BE BURNING UP THE WESTERN UNION AND MAYBE THE POSTAL CALLING FOR HELP AT THIS END STOP HOWEVER WHAT IN THE SO AND SO IS WRONG STOP SUPPOSE WHEN WE DO HEAR IT WILL BE THAT YOU ARE TOO BUSY STOP TO WHICH I WILL REPLY WHAT AT STOP SINCE IF YOU HAD TO LIVE ON THE MONEY YOUR RECENT GRADES REPRESENTS YOU WOULD DIE OF STARVATION STOP MAYBE YOU ARE TAKING UP ART AND ARE NOW ENGAGED IN PAINTING THE TOWN RED STOP IF SO WOULD SUGGEST YOU COME AT ONCE TO HOLLYWOOD WHERE YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT PAINTING FROM EXPERTS WHILE AT THE SAME TIME BEING UNDER MY WATCHFUL EYE NOT TO MENTION SAVING ME YOUR ROOM AND BOARD BY BEING AT HOME STOP REPLY AT ONCE COLLECT TO STUDIO YOUR LOVING FATHER

Well, to get down to business, Lottie, I and Virginia and J. E. finally reached California without causing no great stir, which is a hue and a cry from how I am treated nowadays when I venture abroad—and I don't mean Europe.

We went to the Hotel Alexandria, I and Virginia and J. E. I raised an awful squawk at the prices they wanted to charge us, and it took me an hour to argue them down even a half dollar, and I would have walked out on the lousy cutthroats, only there was no place to walk, being as they was the only decent joint in the place and was enjoying a monopoly.

Well, anyhow, we got settled—Virginia and me with a bath between on account of economy—and I set out to find a location for our studio. I would give anything, Lottie, if I had a motion picture of myself as I walked that first morning through Hollywood.

There was about a dozen or so cheap picture plants scattered around in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. Most of them had a couple of outdoor stages, which was only just a wooden platform that had canvas sides and a canvas roof with pulleys so as you could shut off the sun or let in as much as you liked. The climate of California and the sunshine most of the year was very contributary in those days, when we didn't have the powerful lights we do today. There wasn't the problem of heating in the winter time, either, because, according to the Chamber of Commerce, when the sun shines out here it's warm even in winter, which is true, and still some thin-skinned actor or writer is always complaining his office or dressing room is cold and could he have a stove, when if they would put their minds on their work they would not have the time to give over to a little thing like a temperature.

WELL, anyway, I wasn't in no mood to buy any land that morning, so I only rented some—right here on Hollywood Boulevard where we are now. There was a barn there and we used it for our first stage and we built a few cheap plank shacks to use for offices. What had been the stable we used for actors' dressing rooms. They used to complain that it smelled like horses.

Nowadays actors complain about their dressing rooms no matter how they smell like, even if it's otto of roses. I guess they think it's expected of them. Right on this lot, Lottie, as you well know, there's a bungalow which is reserved for no other purpose than as an accommodation for Virginia Carter when she does a picture, which has living room, dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms, and enough baths to wash Coxey's army, with pipe organ, piano, radio, and other conveniences. I won't soon forget the first time she occupied it, when we was about to shoot Alice, Where Art Thou, our biggest production to date.

Decorators had been working day and night getting Virginia's bungalow all ready, which they did at five o'clock the morning the picture was to start shooting, costing the studio good and plenty for overtime, too, I'll tell the world. Well, about ten o'clock the director come bulging into my office without waiting to be announced, tearing his shirt. Virginia had blew in an hour late, as usual, took a look at the furnishings of her bungalow, and hit the air. The decorators had done her dressing room in a strawberry shade when she had distinctly ordered raspberry, and she wouldn't budge till it was done right—and to hell with holding up the picture, not to mention the two hundred extras at five dollars per day.

Well, sir, when I heard that I jumped right out of my chair. I says to Cracken, " You leave that belle to me! " And I dashes over to Virginia's bungalow. She was expecting me, but what she wasn't expecting was what I give her without any how-do-you-do.

" So," I says with a rising inflection. " I hear you don't like your bungalow. It's too bad about you, Miss Muggins! "

Well, sir, I couldn't have insulted her better if I'd called her a chippy. She went white clean to the gills, and did she hit high C? But that wasn't nothing to me, for I got a voice that can reach notes that would strain any prima donna I ever come across. I continued, " I agree with you about your bungalow, Miss Muggins. It's nothing but a lousy dump. Maybe you miss the atmosphere of the old stable where you *used* to make up—and which, if anybody should ask me, is right where you belong.

" So you don't like strawberry, do you? " I goes on. " You want raspberry! Well, I'll give it to you." And I *gave* her one that you could hear all over the lot, and walked out. It must have been a good one, for in less than an hour she was on the set, meek as a mouse, and never another squeak.

I have always been artful like that in handling my actors. If there's one thing I pride myself on, it's my knowledge of diplomacy.

Well, Lottie, to get back to our mutton, as the French say, J. E. got busy in arranging his story. Y'understand, Lottie, there wasn't any such thing as a scenario writer then yet. J. E. got him a stenographer, and from the play he dictated the scenes he wanted to use in a certain amount of order. Always it was like this. The directors never had writers, and they used to pencil off the part of books and plays that they thought would be good in the picture, and make up the rest as they went along on the stage. A lot of directors use that method right up to this day. As for me, I got as many writers on my pay roll as the next one, but more as a matter of form than anything else. A lot of know-it-alls is impressed if they know you've got Kipling or Shaw working for you.

Well, Virginia, who had ideas her own self about building up stories, got mad because J. E. wouldn't let her work with him, and they would have plenty of fights. It seems, right from the very beginning, actresses and directors was doomed to be pointing daggers at one another. Seeing at the outset that Virginia was a skilled knife thrower, I didn't interfere but let her and J. E. work out their own salvation.

I must confess that living at a hotel and eating all kinds of food wherever I happened to be made me get lonesome. I could see as much of Virginia as I wanted to, but I began to realize the difference between us. Before long I realized that this actress was more interested in herself and her art than she could ever be in any man.

Y'understand, Lottie, I was used to being looked after by my wife. Rosetta used to cook things she knew I especially liked, and often when I thought I wasn't hungry her dishes would tempt me to eat. When I'd come home in the evening, tired from the day's work, always she'd have my slippers ready and my smoking jacket, and she'd wait on me like I was a king.

Well, Lottie, contrariwise, Virginia would spend her days at the studio working, and then when night come expect some one to wait on *her*. That used to get my goat. It wasn't that I minded doing things for her—it was just the principle of the thing.

I often think, Lottie, when I see Virginia playing up to her public that she is a frail flower untouched by human hands, and read the press stories about her which call her delicate, simple, ingenerous, and what have you, I wonder what all those ginks out in the corn belt would think if they knew her as I did.

WELL, one night after Virginia had been working hard, she broke an engagement to have dinner with me. That was about the fourth time she had done it in one week, and it threw me into a tumor. We had a big fight, and I told her I would continue as her producer, but that as far as *human* relations was concerned we were all washed up—that I was going to send for my wife and children.

Well, Lottie, what followed was a scene of great tensity. Virginia's pride was flushed, of course, and she begun by announcing me as a low cad and a high bounder. But I was adamon, and only poured the sweet oil of reason on her troubled fires. Then she calmed down and begun to moan, as gentle as a dove, realizing what she was about to lose by her selfish attitude, the chaos she was wrecking, the havoc, and what have you.

Finally I made the separation inevical, and turned to the door. As I turned the knob, she came close to me and whispered through her tears, " B. J., come what may, I shall always think of you as ' my hero.' "

Well, I telegraphed to my wife on the instance, who I told her to arrange to come right out and bring the kids, and to ship all the furniture and everything that belonged to us. I was surer now than ever that I was going to be a great world figure, which would make it necessary I should live in Hollywood. And, what is more, my heart cried aloud for those loved ones I had been compelled to leave behind me.

The day Rosetta arrived in Los Angeles was the happiest day of my whole life hitherto. I was at the station an hour before my time, pacing the platform like a bird in a cage. So by the time Rosetta appeared on the platform I was at emotion's mercy, and flung myself upon her bosom, weeping loudly. And she, seeing how affected I was, become affected also and wept in unison. It was a touching scene, Lottie, which we might have played longer—only we was drawing quite a crowd, what with the children beginning to yell, and we was asked to move on.

I TOOK Rosetta to a hotel. But she was all for going out then and there to look for a house, so we piled the children in, who was too little to be left alone untenanted, and started out. She was delighted with everything she saw, being a simple soul and unspoiled—as she is this day—with no airs and no how-do-you-do like a lot of wives of big men I could point to if I was one to point. She thought the bungalows was like dolls' houses, and nothing would do but she was to have one too.

We finally took a little bungalow with a very cheap rent on Wilcox Avenue near the studio. I got a picture of that house now, Lottie, which I shall give over to Vogel when he gets here.

And that night, Lottie, I wish I could describe it at length. But I will digress only to say that I made a full confession, the tears streaming down my boyish cheeks, about me having been away from her for six months and faithful unto my trust. For, Lottie, if a man is loyal to his wife in spirit, as I had ever been, is he not loyal in fact? I talked on and on, which is not my customs, with Rosetta lying beside me and saying never a word, till I cried out in my agony, " Oh, tell me you believe me about my having been faithful to my trust, which is you, Mama! "

Rosetta said in a soft voice I could just only barely hear on account of me sobbing my heart out, " B. J. dear, I will always believe anything you tell me. Don't you know me by this time? "

Right then and there, Lottie, I knelt in spirit and gave thanks for my blessings, me, a miserable sinner who in spite of all had kept so pure in heart.

Of course, Lottie, all this Carter episode before we turn the script over to Vogel is got to be doctored up. Being a foreigner, he's likely to put the wrong construction on certain things, so we got to do some fumigating. We should make it out that Virginia was mad for me—which is no lie—but that I, though drawn irrepressibly, like a magnet, towards her, was always held back by some urge, some ideal, that was bigger than our passion, or love.

Of course, being thrown together constantly, we go through hell-and-all, with me always the one who is keeping Virginia in her place. Finally, one night in my bedroom, whither she had come ostensilly to talk over some problem, but actually to make me if she can, I rise to the occasion and tell her flat that she's barking up the wrong tree. I tell her that we must write finis to our little episode, I being a family man who loves honor as he loves his life and who would never betray the sacred trust of hearth and home. Virginia can't see it at first, but after a hell of a scene she is made to realize that we must submerge ourselves in life's crucible and—so on.

Well, Lottie, I guess that'll be all for tonight. Our two hours isn't up, I know, but the creative ebb and flow has come to a halt, you might say, and I don't never believe in the forcing process.

Before you go, Lottie, I wish you'd order some roses sent right up to Rosetta—bride's roses—and tell her I can't get home to dinner tonight—on account of a conference, etcetera.

. . . . .

Well, Lottie, I don't feel much like dictating any life's history this morning. I got all I can do to hold on to my well known control, for I'm in a tumor and I don't care who knows it. Some one said an earful when they made the crack about how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.

Well, to make a long story short, when I got home last night about two or thereabouts, Rosetta was waiting up for me, which is not unusual, for ever since it has been her habit to do this. She will never ask any questions as to what I been doing and how is business, knowing that a man of my statue *(Continued on page twenty-four)*

ASTONISHING BEHAVIOR OF MR. ELLSWORTH FUTTY AFTER LEARNING ABOUT POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES!

Really, Mr. Fox!

Don't you think you were carried away somewhat when you drew this picture?

WE understand your enthusiasm, Mr. Fox. But—all we really wanted to say is this: A lot of people who are listless, logy, who "don't know what's the matter with them" are suffering just from a sluggish intestine—often caused by lack of bulk in the diet. And often things perk up surprisingly when this trouble is corrected.

We'd like to have these people try Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat. It's as fine-tasting a cereal as ever you ate. Many people say the finest . . . so crisp; such a wonderful nut-like flavor!

And it contains bran for that bulk we mentioned—bulk everyone needs to keep food wastes moving normally along the intestinal tract. To help keep you regular—and fit.

Since you'll find Post's 40% Bran Flakes a perfectly swell cereal anyhow, why not eat it regularly for awhile? It may do you a lot of good, too. Your grocer has it—and it costs little. It is a product of General Foods. © G. F. Corp., 1934

(Continued from page twenty-two) has no relish for exposing the deals he is pulling off, even to his wife. But she will sit in her dressing gown and what have you on the edge of my bed while we talk of various things.

Well, I was asking her what she had been up to, which was no corollary but only a natural husbandry on my part, and what does she say out of a clear sky but that she had spent the evening with David!

I thought of course she was referring to a soul communion or absent treatment or some such, so I took it big and begun to jest her. But I'm damned if all the time, Lottie, she wasn't saying what she meant. David had blew in about six o'clock as cool as a cucumber without as much as a damn-your-eyes. Did I burn up!

"And why wasn't I got in touch with?" I says, getting hot under the choler. "My son arrives home and I am the last one to hear anything about it. That's only natural, I suppose, as, after all, *I* am only the boy's *father*."

With which I throws back the bedclothes and leaps out on to my beautiful bearskin rug. Rosetta was saying in her quiet way, "B. J. dear, be reasonable. I did try to get in touch with you, but you had left the studio. The girl at the switchboard said you would spend the evening in conference, but she had no idea where you were conferring."

Well, Lottie, I was in no mood for a footloose argument, so I let that pass.

"All right," I says, seeing as how we was maybe both partly to blame; "what in Sam Hill is he home for?"

I stopped my pacing to light a cigarette, found the box empty, and hurdled the damned thing right through the window. Turning back to Rosetta, I says, with my voice well controlled, "Well, now that he is here, when is he planning to return—or maybe I am prying into matters which is none of my concern?"

In a few seconds I gets a reply from Rosetta, who says very quiet like, "He isn't returning at all. David has put his college days behind him forever."

"Yeah!" I says, trying to assimilate my shattered forces. "I suppose he had made such strides that he was beyond where he could be learned. I'm surprised they didn't put him on the faculty!" By this time, Lottie, I was in a boil, if still cool and calm to the naked eye. "So," I says, wheeling on Rosetta, "the dirty little loafer has got himself kicked out!"

"That isn't so," she returns, her voice throbbing. "David left college of his own free will."

CAN you imagine, Lottie, what *that* did to me! "Isn't that swell?" I says with growing sarcasm. "He goes in when the mood strikes him and goes *out* when the mood strikes him. What the hell does he think a college is, anyhow—a men's room at a railway station?"

By now, Lottie, I was in a quandrum. Rosetta was saying, "B. J., we should not allow ourselves to judge David too hastily. After all, he has always been a good, sober boy, who has never given his parents any trouble."

That sounded to me like a hot one, Lottie, and anyway I was at the end of my zither, so I cries out, "No trouble, eh? How about *now?* Personally, myself, I would rather have a son do a little drinking which is no crime, as well as necking which would make a man of him, and all of which he could toss off at the proper time when he wants to settle down. So he is in a mood to put college behind him, is he? Well, I will first put something behind *him* which he will have good reason to remember"—slipping into my shoes as I said so, and started for the door.

Well, Rosetta was there before me, her back to it and also up, and quite a dramatic scene insued.

Well, the long and short of it was that I finally agreed with Rosetta that I was in no mood to assault David and would better wait till morning.

But came the dawn, and I was still in no mood to settle David's hash, having slept later than usual, what with so many exhaustive scenes of the evening before having left me all spent, as 'twere. So I will postpone our reunion and what have you till later.

Meanwhile I want you should send a line, Lottie, to all the newspapers about David. I want to forestall all those dirt-dishers like Winnie Walters, who will be only too glad to seize a morsel like this and make a stew out of it. You will say that David Hasdid, son of B. J. Hasdid, the great movie magnate and head of Hasdid Pictures, Inc., has passed his spring exams with flowing colors and hurried home for a fleeting glimpse of his parents before returning for his graduation honors. Also say that he has already been approached by several important magnates here who would like him to join their producing staffs, but that Mr. Hasdid Jr.'s reply was brief but unmistakable in which he said, "If I decide not to resume my studies at once, it will be only to join my distinguished father, and learn from him the art of making (quote this) 'bigger and better' pictures." Better get that right off to the papers, Lottie, and then we'll begin our dictation where we left off yesterday.

DURING all of this time J. E. was hard at work on our picture of The Virginia Coquette. There was a lot about pictures he knew and a lot he didn't know, so it was fortunate he had me always by him as a sort of guiding hand.

I was the first producer to realize that you had to have more than two reels of film—two thousand feet—to tell a story in. Of course J. E. had said something about doing The Virginia Coquette in as many reels as it took to tell it, but I was the first who really made a definite plan of it. Also, it was I who first told him to try putting the camera closer to the stars so you could get a good look at their faces and liniments. It worked out fine, and after that we always used what they now call "close-ups."

I used to look at the stuff with him every day—"rushes" they call 'em now—and it looked pretty good to me. The actual shooting of that first picture took three weeks. But what with engaging actors and the cameraman, and paying J. E.'s salary and Virginia's salary, and buying film, and the trip to California, it used up pretty nearly all of my $20,000. But we were all very much pleased, because we thought that we were going to have something new and a big success.

Then a terrible calamity happened. One morning, when J. E. went down to supervise the making of a print from the first negative which was finished, he found that the negative had been almost completely ruined. We never found out just who was responsive, but we were sure that one of the other independent film companies who were out here at the time was afraid of us and had made up their minds to put us out of business. The orig-

OLD MAN WINTER

By T. A. Burke

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

WE can't control the weather but we can control the accidents. Winter driving requires a distinctive technique that takes cognizance of fog, rain, snow, ice, sleet, and poor visibility due to "soupy" weather.

The person walking on ice is usually pretty careful. One who drives his auto on slippery highways should be still more cautious, for if he crashes the danger of serious injury is greater.

The safe driver sets his driving standards to conform to the rigid conditions imposed by Old Man Winter, who says: "If you expect to drive with me you must be extremely cautious."

The danger of skidding is one that involves other users of the highway besides the driver of the skidding car. The overconfident motorist who believes himself and his car immune to the skidding hazard and fails to observe *extra* precautions during the time of *extra* hazards is ready for the Traffic Chiselers' Club.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

inal negative had been torn and heel-marked and mutilated in every way you can think of. It was a pretty sad experience, because we had spent all my money. There we were out here, and it looked like we were stranded. J. E. and I sat down for a conference on how much money it would take to make the picture over again. We figured out on paper it would cost about $11,000.

Well, Lottie, I have faced many a situation since then to call out all the fibroid in me, but there was never one which at the time seemed so impassive. Here was a predicate calling for quick action, but where to turn, what to do, *quo vadis?* It was terrible! Nobody knew me out here, so I couldn't go to the banks for money. As for appealing to my father, I couldn't have debauched myself so far, and furthermore I was sure he hadn't that much he could lay his hands on. Here we were, as you can see, Lottie, our backs against a stone wall that was well-nigh impregnant.

And here, as B. J. Hasdid himself might have said, was "a pretty tempest in a teakettleful of fish." But in that immortal man's own words: "You ain't seen nothing yet." In the next installment of this superautobiography you will see this great man circumventing the wiles of his enemies and of the barbarians who would have sacrificed the infant cinema art for mere filthy lucre.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station New York, N. Y.

1—Who was Fagin?
2—To what does the word acoustics refer?
3—What are alpha and omega?
4—By whom and when was modern shorthand invented?
5—Who were the Amazons?
6—What is the meaning of the word élite?
7—What was the Bastille?
8—Who was called the "beloved disciple"?
9—What is an ayah?
10—What is a lawyer called who volunteers assistance to the court in a matter of law?
11—How many different men have occupied the office of President of the United States?
12—Who wrote Wynken, Blynken, and Nod?
13—Which city in the United States was founded as "the City of Brotherly Love"?
14—Who was Charon?
15—What is a student at the Naval Academy called?
16—Who wrote Soldiers Three?
17—Which of the New England states does not touch Massachusetts?
18—What is a gewgaw?
19—What does calcify mean?
20—Which range of mountains divides northeastern Europe and Asia?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

WE'RE BEHIND THE 8 BALL

if this offer fails

You CAN'T lose—so try 15 shaves with this 25¢ cream—then see if you go back to more expensive kinds

Maybe you've heard those advertising and sales fellows say, "Things aren't like they used to be—it's hard to get folks interested in new products now."

Well, that emphatically is NOT our experience. From the day our chemists developed Listerine Shaving Cream, we have offered it in plain, honest ads that volunteered to send enough for 15 days' free shaving to any man who would write.

No "ballyhoo," no promises to make a dull razor seem sharp. Just 15 free shaves from which YOU could judge the way our cream lathers in hot water or cold, the way the lather holds up, the cooled feeling of your skin after the shave.

On that frank and open offer, we have built what we think is the sweetest shaving cream business in the country. Not because ours is NOW the biggest seller, but because of the amazing way sales are growing.

Of course, our 25¢ price—a dime less than most brands—means a lot these days. Yet it is the unusual quality of the cream as much as the big tube (104 shaves) for 25¢ that is bringing us customers. You'll see when you try Listerine Shaving Cream.

So make us prove our case. Just fill in your name and address, clip and mail the coupon. Or a *postcard* will do—and that cuts YOUR risk as near to zero as possible!

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What Hollywood

Some Inside Revelations Concerning the Dreams of the

READING TIME • FIVE

THERE'S a bugbear that haunts the dreams of the movie stars—publicity. And stars live or die by publicity. They thrive on the good things that are said about them, but they live in haunting fear of adverse public opinion.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent by producers to build up a name and personality; but one damaging story about a star is sometimes sufficient to burn up all that money. The public is finicky about its screen idols.

The movie industry, like any other business, is a matter of dollars and cents. A star's salary and position are based on what he or she can bring in at the box office. Another name for box-office appeal is "good will of the public." Upon this good will depends the security of the investments the producers have in their pictures. Naturally, when something threatens this good will, they become alarmed and the star concerned is thrown into a panic.

It is no secret in Hollywood what good and bad publicity have done for the stars. The charm and beauty and talent of Norma Shearer have been greatly helped by the magazine and newspaper stories describing the ideal home life she shares with her producer-husband, Irving Thalberg. While many a star would not dream of staying off the screen for any considerable time, "lest they forget," Norma did not hesitate to desert Hollywood for months to take her overworked husband on a trip abroad. Wisely she knew that the first to applaud such an act would be her fans.

Greta Garbo is another who has attained her unique position in the film world through favorable publicity—though hers was publicity of a different nature. Her rigid and stubborn avoidance of the ordinary kind has been clever, and while it has annoyed the writers it has stimulated the interest of her fans.

GRETA GARBO

M. G. M. photo

NORMA SHEARER

M. G. M. photo

CONSTANCE BENNETT

20th Century photo

THEDA BARA

U. & U. News photos

RICARDO CORTEZ

Warner Bros. photo

It is years since the blonde and winsome Mary Miles Minter, whom Adolph Zukor tried to build up into another Mary Pickford, was last seen on the screen, but she will always be held up to Hollywood as an example of what happens to a star when the publicity goes wrong.

Before Mary Miles Minter was twenty-five she was world-famous. And then she awoke one morning to find herself one of the leading characters in a murder mystery of Hollywood's inner circle. William Desmond Taylor, noted director, had been slain, and Mary's public—who had always pictured her playing at home with her dolls when she wasn't working at the studio — dropped her almost overnight. Publicity made her and broke her.

Theda Bara, the screen's original vamp, was the first spectacular example of what publicity could do for a rising star. Marlene Dietrich, who was to have been built up as a second and even more glamorous Garbo, at once proved to be a distinct personality good for limitless publicity in her own right. Ricardo Cortez's experience has been somewhat similar; he was to have been a second Rodolph Valentino. Others on whom the light of publicity has beaten with outstandingly sensational effect are Constance Bennett, Clara Bow, Tallulah Bankhead, and Nancy Carroll.

What a movie star's fans think about her is a matter of vital concern in the studio. There is no mail as impor-

by ELITA

Stars FEAR Most

he Ever-Present Threat That Disturbs Screen Favorites

MINUTES TWENTY SECONDS

tant as the fan mail. Every star has his or her own personal secretary, who supervises the work of answering thousands of letters daily, letters requesting autographs, pictures, and advice on every conceivable personal matter. Those containing criticism or suggestions receive special attention. I know at least half a dozen stars who personally read and answer these letters, because after all the opinion of their public is their success or failure.

CLARA BOW

Fox photo

WHEN the fan letters begin to decrease panic grips the heart of your star. Do you like her hair worn straight instead of curly? So will she wear it. A woman star who is called "the best dressed woman on the screen" has had her beautiful finger nails trimmed considerably because an old lady who never misses one of her pictures suggested that "my dear, they make me nervous—I always expect you to scratch some one."

The movie star's whole life is one continual struggle to please her public. The opinion of the movie fan is the sword of Damocles swinging perilously on a thread over the crowned heads of Hollywood.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Dyar photo

The days are gone when it was taken for granted that an actress's morals left something to be desired. What the actress did with her private life did not hamper her in her profession.

But when movies came into existence it became a family affair. No good mother wants her daughter going into ecstasies over an actress who lives a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence. It sets a bad example.

Besides—the screen star gets closer to her audience than the stage star ever does. The more popular the actress the greater the illusion that in real life she is just as charming and lovely as the parts she plays.

MARLENE DIETRICH

Paramount photo

NANCY CARROLL

Harrell photo

MARY MILES MINTER

McClure Studios photo

Movie fans idealize their stars. As one of the highest-salaried women in the business said to me:

"My fans never stop to realize that I am human. Surely every woman is entitled to at least some time when her life belongs to herself. But no! I cannot even buy myself a hair net. My maid does all of my shopping. I have had to tell a very dear friend that he cannot come to my house alone any more because my fans suspect a romance between us—and he isn't a romantic enough person to satisfy them. Only today I was commanded to be seen in the future in public with my leading man, in whom I haven't the slightest personal interest. And he—poor dear—happens to be madly in love with one of the script girls at the studio and has been forbidden to pay her further attention on penalty of the girl losing her job. So, until they can offer us companions of the opposite sex to whom we are attracted and of whom our fans will approve, we must make this ridiculous pretense of being in love. We are bored to death with each other!"

Yes, the movie fans amount to a god in the eyes of the movie stars. They rule their lives. They shape their careers. They demand the best, and the best they get.

They pay the stars' salaries and say what those salaries shall be. Today they send orchids—tomorrow it's onions.

One little slip and the show is over.

And that is what Hollywood stars fear the most!

THE END

WILSON

ELECTRIC EEL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A SHORT SHORT STORY

JOSEPH WYGO, news dealer, speaking:

Say, excuse me, but how far we going? I got to get back. You didn't say nothing about going no distance — you says would I come drive around. If you'd of said—

Tell you more about it? I already told you all there is. I'd of told you at Her house. I'd of told Her—I went there to. Minute I read in the paper this fella was Her brother, I locked up my stand and went—

Nah! How would I know? It made me feel awful! If I'd of knew, that wouldn't of happened to him. I got to get so mad I can't see, or it don't happen to no one. And I wouldn't of. Not at no brother of Hers. Not if he did get funny about me being a—about my back!

At that, I couldn't of got as mad at him as I done at them three that it happened to before. He didn't gimme time enough, I guess. Anyways, he ain't dead.

Yeh, I went, and there was a lot of them there out in front, johns and skirts, and they wasn't going to leave me see Her. I says to please tell Her it's O. K. now and not to worry—that wouldn't never happen to Her brother again, no matter what he done to me.

"What do you mean?" they says. "Young Mr. Sweetland had a heart attack!" They was going to gimme the rush. And just then She come out, and She says, "Why, it's Joey! You boys lay off—Joey's my friend."

Honest, I swear to Gawd She did. Calls me Joey. Says Joey's Her friend!

So they all backed up and I commenced telling Her. But one john—do I wisht *he'd* touch me sometime!—he says, "He's a nut. Get a cop." She seen I heard it, and She says, "Oh, no. Just phone for Uncle Haydon. You wait and explain this to him, won't you, Joey?—to please me?" And She brought me out some ginger ale and cake, and I stuck there by that gate till you showed up, and you says would I come out and drive around and talk it over.

But we ain't drove around. You been heading this way the whole while, and—

Tell you again how it happens? Yeh—sure. Some bird makes some crack about—ah, about hunchbacks. Or he makes out I'm crazy. It's him that's the crazy one! If he gets me so mad I'm all shaking and things all goes black—*and if he touches me then*—

It knocks me, too. It feels like I'd took hold of a live wire. I'm out—for a minute. But him—what it does do to him!

Yeh. The first was this big kid when I was in night school. He grabs me and hammers my back. Did that hurt! Gawd, I thought, leave me make him drop dead! And it happened. I come to, and there he was, laying there. They says it was excitement—says he had "fatty heart." Didn't none of them blame it on me.

The next was this mug on Second Avenue. He gimme a lead dime. When I squawks, he yells, "Humpback peanut!" I grabbed for the Evening Journal he'd took, and he pushed me. They says it was *his* heart, too. Yeh. Every one it's happened to, it's been their heart. Like Mike!

That time I knew it was me done it. But I didn't know how till the Sunday I read in the News about them eels. Boy! Did I hot-foot to the Aquarium! They didn't have no electric eel there, but Old Four-Eyes in the office he told me about them—told me how they done it to fishes they killed; how it come from their brain *and their back.*

I says, "Could a person do it? Could I do it?"

He says, "No, my boy. That would be impossible."

I felt kind of wild, I was so glad it come from *that.* "Mister," I hollers, "I already done it to two people!"

He says, "My poor boy, it's a hot day—and you've been brooding. Sit down here in front of this fan."

I got it! He meant I was crazy. He put his hand on me to make me sit down. They had in all the papers about him dying of heart failure—had his picture and—

AFRAID? Nah! What of? If I'd keep my face shut, what could they claim I done? But soon as I saved enough money I come out here and bought out the woman had the stand. It ain't never happened here—not till last night. There ain't no one made no cracks.

Nah, I ain't said nothing. Where would my trade be? Who'd dast come near one of them eels? I ain't never told no one, only Her and you. *She* won't be scared to come—Joey's Her friend! Every day almost She stops at the stand, and noons I walk past Her house and a lot of times I see Her. That ain't no harm, to just walk past. I wouldn't get fresh around Her.

Then lately I been seeing this fella with Her. How would I know he's Her brother was away to a college? I thought he's some john She liked! Yeh—and if he was, what could *I* do? Ah, sure. I know that.

Only, last night he come running. He was lit. He says, "Sport, I'm being cleaned in a game. Let me touch you for luck!" He meant that old bunk about it's lucky to touch a—a person has a back like mine. It all happened fast, all at once. Am I glad he ain't dead!

by CHARLES GILBERT HULL

What say? Do I think I *am* one of them eels? Nah! But I can do like they do—and I don't think that; I know it. What say? It's impossible? Yeh—Four-Eyes said so! Do I ever think I what? Hear voices? Why wouldn't I think it?

Say, *you* ain't trying to make out I'm— Huh? You *ain't*, are you? . . .

What's all these buildings? And what do we want to turn in for?—what is this place, anyways? Won't tell me, hey? Then I'm telling you. You better stop your car right here.

Yeh! Stop right here now and lemme get out! You don't put *me* in no—

Go on stop! You better! I told you what happens! I don't—don't want it to. You're—you're Her uncle. But—

Stop it or I will! I'll— K-keep your hands off me—

Agghhh!

. . . . .

From the New York Times:

RIVERHEAD, L. I., June 26.— Heart disease was attributed as the cause when Dr. Haydon Sweetland Forbes, retired psychiatrist, met death and Joseph Wygo, a South Neck, L. I., news dealer, was fatally injured in an automobile accident this afternoon in the grounds of the Norfolk County Hospital for the Insane. . . . Wygo, whom Dr. Forbes was taking to the hospital for observation, was crushed beneath the overturned automobile. He was understood to tell rescuers that Dr. Forbes had suddenly cried out and collapsed at the wheel, and hospital physicians said indications pointed to a heart seizure. . . .

THE END

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[FIRST WEEK]

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JANIE PENN WREN
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$5 THIRD PRIZE

ORMOND M. BROWN
106 Caroline Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

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THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN

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Grisly, Gracious, Gay

By BEVERLY HILLS

Death in the Desert, Life in the South, and Some Matters of Song and Dance Provide a Group of Pictures in Widely Varying Moods

READING TIME:
7 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ THE LOST PATROL

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny, J. M. Kerrigan, Billy Bevan, Alan Hale, Brandon Hurst, Douglas Walton, Sammy Stein, Howard Wilson, Paul Hanson. Directed by John Ford.

A British cavalry troop lost in Mesopotamia reaches an oasis in the desert. There hidden Arab snipers pick them off, one by one. That is the whole story of The Lost Patrol, but it tells you nothing whatever about the picture. What gives it its power is the economy with which Director John Ford outlines a simple situation in terms of mounting terror, the good writing in Dudley Nichols' adaptation, and the superb performance by Victor McLaglen.

● Victor McLaglen—who gives a superb performance—and Sammy Stein in The Lost Patrol.

You get the impression that you are watching not a fictitious narrative but a real incident, typical of desert warfare but isolated from it, in which the details fall accidentally into the pattern of drama. The characters remain almost anonymous. Most of them do nothing important except die. Nothing in the picture is subjected to the usual sort of dramatic emphasis. As a result The Lost Patrol possesses a bare and grisly accent of its own. It is as compact and specific as a rifle bullet.

The Lost Patrol is not likely to become one of the most popular pictures of the year. It is neither pleasant nor, in the customary sense, exciting to watch; its suspense is mainly that of seeing how many corpses you will be able to count before it ends. None the less, of its sort it is practically a perfect job.

Good shot: Arabs who have been hiding in the dunes prowling over a terrace of sand into the oasis when they think that all the men in it are dead.

★★★½ CAROLINA

THE PLAYERS: Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young, Richard Cromwell, Henrietta Crosman, Mona Barrie, Stepin Fetchit, and others. Directed by Henry King.

● Robert Young and Janet Gaynor in Carolina, showing a charming view of life in Dixieland.

The incomprehensibility, to the general public, of Hollywood methods of picture making are well illustrated by Carolina. Fox began by sending a bevy of scouts into the deep South to find a house satisfactory as a model for the one in the film. The scouts found two, one at Beach Island and one at Florence, South Carolina. The outside of one and the inside of the other were carefully measured and reproduced on the Fox lot. Then, in order to complete the adaptation with the same careful authenticity, the job was intrusted—not to Paul Green, who wrote the original play and who has done enough scenario writing to be capable of more—but to Reginald Berkeley, the Englishman who adapted Cavalcade.

The amazing thing about this carefully disordered arrangement is that it turns out entirely for the best. Moreover, under Henry King, who directed her in State Fair, Janet Gaynor, whom this department considered a peculiarly unhappy choice for the leading rôle, gives an excellent impersonation of the Northern girl who comes to live in a shack near Connelly Hall and whose gayety and courage in the face of her own misfortunes revive the fortunes of her down-at-heel patrician neighbors.

An observant, leisurely family portrait, outlined against the soft background of cotton and tobacco fields, Carolina brings to life a strange and deeply interesting group of people. There is Bob Connelly (Lionel Barrymore), a forlorn soft-hearted Civil War veteran; Mrs. Connelly (Henrietta Crosman), who broke up his romance with the grandmother of the girl who is now their next-door neighbor, and who is trying to do the same thing for her son (Robert Young), *(Continued on page thirty-two)*

The three-cornered race

The stork, the doctor, and infection are running a three-cornered race. All three speeding for the same destination.

Which will arrive first? Three human beings, a mother, a baby and a doctor, are vitally concerned with that question.

If the doctor wins . . . all's well. But if either of his two rivals keeps the lead, there's trouble ahead.

The Federal Children's Bureau points out that 16,000 mothers die in childbirth every year in these United States.

Not a very large number, considering that more than 2,000,000 babies are born in this country annually. But the maternal mortality rate could be smaller still, if every expectant mother understood the proper preparation for motherhood.

Of the deaths of women in childbirth, 40% are caused by septic poisoning. That hardly ever occurs if the expectant mother has gone to her doctor regularly once each month during pregnancy, and if the child delivery is made at a good hospital or lying-in clinic.

There, you may be sure, "Lysol" disinfectant will help to safeguard baby's safe arrival. The delicate operations attending childbirth require absolute germ-free cleanliness. "Lysol" disinfectant is the standard germicide for this purpose; so used and recommended by leading hospitals and obstetricians throughout the world.

But even after baby's coming, the battle of disinfection must go on. See that every object in the nursery with which he comes in contact is washed in a solution of "Lysol" disinfectant, prepared according to directions on the bottle.

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Please send me the "Lysol" Health Library, consisting of "Preparation for Motherhood," "Keeping a Healthy Home" and "Marriage Hygiene."

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"HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night—10:30 E. S. T. . . . WEAF and National Broadcasting Company coast-to-coast hook-up

SHOE BILLS CLIMBING?

These soles will bring them DOWN

WITH a scampering, scuffling youngster in the family, life can be just one shoe bill after another – unless, like millions, you've discovered this thrifty secret:

Put those active feet in shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

No sole ever built will outwear these tough, good-looking, waterproof soles. They keep down shoe bills—*save money*—because the longer the sole wears, the longer the whole shoe stands up.

Remember, their extra wear doesn't cost a penny extra – on new shoes or at repair shops. Demand, and see that you get, Goodyear Wingfoot Soles, easily identified by this trade-mark –

NRA

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot Soles

make shoes wear longer

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

(Continued from page thirty) and Joanna (Janet Gaynor).

The picture builds slowly into a strongly atmospheric story not only of its people but of their country and their time.

Good shot: Bob Connelly, under the impression that he is leading his men into battle, marching down the hall of Connelly Hall with his cane across his shoulder.

★★★ THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

THE PLAYERS: Ramon Novarro, Jeanette MacDonald, Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth, Jean Hersholt, Vivienne Segal, Frank Conroy, Henry Armetta, Adrienne D'Ambricourt, Joseph Cawthorne. Directed by William K. Howard.

In The Cat and the Fiddle there is one absurd technicolor sequence which shows Jeanette MacDonald, tinted apparently to represent the Japanese flag, singing Try to Forget in the grand finale of a play.

With the exception of the sequence, The Cat and the Fiddle is about all that you could ask a film operetta to be.

As far as this department is concerned, that is not a great deal. We have worked out our objections to the more elaborate type of musical pictures in some detail. This may be as good a time as any for presenting one of them. Integrating songs with action has, since it has ceased to be a novelty, come to have the effect of emphasizing the basic defect of all musical drama: the fact that people do not as a rule converse in the heptatonic scale. It would be feasible, so far as we are concerned, to let this inconsistency go unbridged in musical films; to have characters, when it is necessary for them to break into song, do so without pretending to be composing or rehearsing or singing the baby to sleep. Grand opera and stage musical shows have gotten by for some years on the simple principle of throwing the action out the window when some one sings, and picking up the pieces when the yodeling is over.

With these disgruntled preliminaries out of the way, it is only fair to say that The Cat and the Fiddle possesses charm, melody, and humor. The story, dimly backstage in character, has to do with Romance between a young violinist (Ramon Novarro) and a lady song writer whom he meets in a taxicab one afternoon. It is spring in Brussels and he is running away from a café proprietor who wants him to pay for his lunch. As the rift in the romance, when the singer goes to Paris, Frank Morgan is as ingratiating as an operetta menace should be.

The songs in the film are those, by Jerome Kern, which you heard over the radio when the play from which the picture was adapted was running in New York.

Among the other advantages of The Cat and the Fiddle is the fact that Charles Butterworth wabbles through it—trying, for reasons as obscure as those which explain most of his activities, to find some one to listen while he plays the harp.

★★½ BOLERO

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Carole Lombard, William Frawley, Frances Drake, Sally Rand, Raymond Milland, Gloria Shea, Gertrude Michael. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

As a portrait of a dancer—patterned possibly after the celebrated Maurice Mouvet—Bolero has several points in its favor. It gives George Raft—who once got a cigarette case from the Prince of Wales for teaching him to tango—a chance to perform in a part which is really more down his alley than rôles which require him to mutter "Yeah?" and shoot off a gun.

Raft makes a good partner for Carole Lombard, who seems also to have adequately sophisticated feet.

The picture is smartly written and well directed. Its main weakness is that it never gets much under the surface of the hero's character. When you get through with him you know his salient quality, conceit, his motto, "I'm too good for this joint," and his ambition, to stage an elaborate performance of Ravel's Bolero—but not much more.

Set against the background of American honky-tonks and European cabarets before, during, and just after the war, Bolero traces the rise and fall of Raoul de Baere, who starts his career in a coal mine and ends it in a Paris night club. He makes his way up in the world by firing partners who try to combine their pleasure with his business. He goes to war for a publicity stunt and comes out of it with a bad heart. If you remember that the characteristic dance of the period with which Bolero is concerned was the maxixe, it may surprise you to see instead Sally Rand's version of the fan dance; but it should not be a disappointment.

Good shot: Raft's greeting to an old partner: "I trust your marriage turned out happy."

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square.

★★★—Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey.

Austria's Nazi Bogey-Man

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IF the Nazi coup for which the world is watching turns Austria into a Nazi country, or if Austria of her own accord goes Nazi, as the Germans so eagerly expect, then a figure who is at this writing emerging from insignificance will tower to commanding importance. Theodore Habicht is the recognized major-domo of the Austrian National Socialists and is the logical ruler of Austria should the tide turn as all Nazis hope. It would of course be no more strange for a Rhinelander German to rule a Nazi Austria than it is for the Austrian Hitler to be ruler of Germany.

Through his radio talks and his editorship of a weekly, the Austrian Press Service, Habicht has been a tireless propagandist both before his ousting from the country and since. He is the typical Nazi inflamed with his mission. It was difficult to interview him in Munich. Once past a barrage of questions and efficiency, I found him short, bespectacled, strong-featured, oracular, and conceited. He made no secret of his conviction that Austria will be Nazi by spring at latest.

A Close-up of Theodore Habicht, Little Known But Suddenly Important—Will He Be the Hitler of Vienna?

He assured me that the economic condition of Austria had become steadily worse lately in spite of Dollfuss's cheerful reports. He picked up Dollfuss's New Year message to the Austrian people and proceeded to give it the lie, item by item. To Dollfuss's assertion, "The budget is in order," Habicht replied ironically, "The deficit last year only amounted to 400,000,000 schillings, of which 270,000,000 schillings were for ordinary and extraordinary budget purposes."

"Two loans were negotiated with striking success," wrote Dollfuss. Habicht countered, "The national debt rose in 1933 by the modest sum of 1,100,000,000 schillings, besides short-term debts to the state. The indebtedness of the state rose 60 per cent."

Dollfuss asserted that unemployment had "sunk considerably." Habicht said, "Unemployment rose from 378,000 in 1932 to 410,000 in 1933." Habicht further blackened the picture by explaining that the last of the active Austrian blast furnaces has closed down and that two very important banking corporations are to be united with the Creditanstalt because they cannot carry on alone, in spite of a loan Dollfuss made to both banks a year ago of 140,000,000 schillings.

The collapse of the Austrian tourist traffic has brought increased suffering and discontent. Habicht neglected to give statistics of the falling off in German tourist trade, nor would he admit that the economic distress of Austria might be due to Austrian worry over German Nazi interference.

The triumph of National Socialism is undoubtedly the will of the Austrian people, according to Herr Habicht. "*Das Volk*" in Germany and Austria are one, though the official elements have blinded the Austrian people to the true situation. Dollfuss, Habicht feels, long ago lost touch with his people. "He is the victim of illusions as to their real condition and wishes. And Germany will never give up the idea of a union with Austria."

When I questioned him concerning the rumor that Germany might renounce it in return for Italian support in the Reich's stand for rearmament, he said with scornful conviction, "There never has been the slightest intention of giving up the idea of union."

Nazi Germans never have been reconciled to Austrian independence, and now they feel, with their burning new sense of nationalism, that their own blood has been set against them.

This feeling might not be so dangerous but for one significant fact.

Since Austria took her stand against Nazi-ism more than 30,000 Austrian Nazis have emigrated or escaped into Germany. These men have been welcomed by the Germans and put into "immigrant camps," concentrated near the Austrian border in Bavaria. Their care and training has been patterned far more along the lines of that given the Storm Troopers than of that given their brother "protective arrest" men in the concentration camps. These Austrians who have undergone hardships for their ideals are even more ardently Nazi than their German party fellows.

THEY are daily trained and put through military maneuvers; and, although it is strongly denied, this nucleus of an army could surely be armed at a moment's notice.

The German government has been spending more than $20,000 daily on them. Germany is not permitted to do this officially, the head of one camp told me, but the necessary funds are entered under some departmental requirement. One large source of support is the Bavarian Department of Public Relief.

Certainly the immigrants are kept fit for use when and if the Germans may need them.

It is impossible to estimate the number of Austrian Nazis still remaining in their native land. Recent acts of Nazi terrorism prove that their numbers are great despite suppression.

When you add all these forces together, plus Germany's fixed determination not to lose Austria, her catlike quietude in the present situation becomes more and more ominous.

THE END

● by JOSEPH BARBER, JR.

A Resourceful

by PHILIP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

STANLEY McHUGH wiped perspiration from his eyes. He took the stick in both hands again. A thought flashed in his mind: this time it was not danger; it was death.

Death for eight people.

One wing dropped. The plane skidded sickeningly downward. Instinctively the muscles in Stanley McHugh's body reacted. He righted the ship.

Fred Ackerman, his co-pilot, was leaning forward in a jostled effort to tinker with the delicate mechanism of the wireless. He saw Fred's profile in the faint radiance that came greenly from a dozen dials: square chin, taut lips, narrowed eyes.

Eight people.

The plane shuddered like a speed boat being driven too fast over rough water. Night. A storm that surpassed any he had ever seen. Five passengers. A crew of three, counting himself. As he sweated, as he struggled, he recalled the faces of his passengers. One of them he had recognized. The square bold countenance of Harlan Jackson—a countenance made familiar in the newspapers over such captions as Right-Hand Man to the President Whips Industry into Line. Jackson was traveling with a companion—a distinguished-looking elderly gentleman whose dress and manner and piercing eyes all spoke of authority. There was a young woman—a young and very beautiful woman—who had been reading a book when Stan saw her. She had not looked up, but there had been something vaguely familiar about her face. Another woman, older and matronly. Her expression was one of anguish, and he had imagined fleetingly that she was hastening by plane to tragedy. The fifth passenger was not difficult to classify. A salesman. Pudgy-faced, rather flashily dressed, who seemed now to be under the incubus of the depression.

He looked at the altimeter, and new driblets of perspiration ran down his face. He saw Fred shake his head and move his lips in an inaudible curse.

The eighth person was Betty Cleveland, the stewardess. Betty had been in the air a long time—a long time for a girl, at any rate. Betty knew what was going to happen. But Betty would be back there with the passengers, cool, collected, unemotional, and competent. Cool and unemotional. If that had not been the principal part of her character, there would have been nights when Betty would have been in his arms, kissing him. There might have been a night when he would have driven her to a justice of the peace. But Betty was the sort of girl who said, "I've tried being in love enough to know that I shan't try again until I'm sure I've the right man." And Betty had said, "It would be a little too romantic for us to fall in love. Just a matter of propinquity, don't

A Tale of Love that Looked at Death and Was Not Afraid

WYLIE

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Lady

you think? Besides, it would interfere with our work."

Ship No. 16 was over the Rockies in that storm through a series of mischances and accidents. In his years of flying he had never encountered such a sequence. And such a sequence would probably never be encountered by any pilot again. A request from Washington for haste, if possible. A swift complication of storms, accident to the radio.

The door behind him opened and Betty's head appeared. She leaned toward Fred. Stan wished that before they crashed she would speak to him. But she was far too efficient to interrupt the pilot at the controls. He saw her eyes run over the instrument panel and hesitate for a fraction of a second at the altimeter. Her expression did not change. Her almost classic profile, her proudly held head, registered no fear. She went.

He switched on the landing lights. They stabbed into a whirling nothing of cloud, wind, and rain. A moment later a flare, dancing and flickering in the wind, revealed only a further churning emptiness.

There were three hard bumps. The right wing was lifted until the passengers were thrown against their belts. Again the ship dropped. Effort to gain altitude in this seething thin air was futile.

Another flare, and through the night he could see a precipitous rise straight ahead. He banked and swung the ship. The wind blew against its belly and whirled him back on the way upon which he had come. The plane tossed, almost out of control now.

A SICKENING drop. Light again. His landing gear was almost on the tree tops. He throttled down his engines. There was a thinning of the trees. A ledge scudded under the ship. Simultaneously land rose up in front of them and they dropped in another pocket. A powerful blast lifted the nose of the ship. He cut the ignition. The plane seemed to stop dead in the air. He felt the first shuddering crash, and between it and the second two thoughts crossed his mind: the tail was not rising, and he had hit nothing head on. The second blow he did not feel. It was the blow that carried away the huge duralumin wing on the left, that opened up the cockpit and dragged the mangled body of Fred out into the blackness.

The tail of the storm-beaten ship swung around and its rudder was carried off by a boulder. It splintered a half dozen dwarfed pine trees, turned up on its riven side, and was still.

Stan opened his eyes abruptly and leaped to

From far away came the drone of an airplane motor. Would their firelight penetrate that thick blanket?

his feet. The door from the control room to the cabin was jammed. He kicked it open. In a dead silence he heard the perfectly controlled voice of Betty:

" I want every one of you to speak as I call your name."

Then a woman screamed. Stan told himself it was the beautiful young woman. The older woman's voice came next: " I don't think I am very badly hurt, but I can't seem to get this belt off."

Betty's voice: " Yes, Mrs. Wardley."

Stan threw his flashlight down the cabin. Harlan Jackson was unbuckling his belt. His face was white and not calm. He was swearing steadily in a rumbling voice. The elderly man who accompanied him had fallen forward, unconscious. The beautiful young woman screamed again. She had unbuckled herself and was standing up holding her head in her hands. The traveling salesman had crashed against the seat in front of himself and now he was laboriously disentangling his person from a variety of débris.

Stan walked over to the woman who was screaming and said, " Shut up." She stopped abruptly. He felt of her arms, her legs. He made her move. She seemed all right. He went next to the man who was unconscious. He unstrapped him and laid him on the floor, picking a

Marie leaned her head on Stan's chest and slept, or pretended to sleep.

spot between a suitcase and a great splinter which had broken through the bottom of the plane.

Betty had a flashlight now and he heard her say to the older woman, "I think you're all right." Mrs. Wardley answered, "I'm quite sure I am."

Stan spoke to Betty now: "Get everybody out." There was reason enough—the air was sharp with the smell of gasoline. The man on the floor opened his eyes and sat up slowly. Betty threw her weight on the fuselage door and nearly fell out when it opened easily. He saw her peer toward the ground. She said, "You first, Mrs. Wardley. It's quite a big drop. I'll get out and lift you."

Stan bent over the man on the floor. He rose stiffly, flexing his joints.

"I'm quite all right," he said almost formally. "It was a series of shocks rather than one large one. I was sure that I had suffered no great injury before I—"

"Fainted," said Jackson suddenly. "Fainted. That's what you did! Let's get out of here before this ship blows. It reeks of gasoline."

THE traveling salesman had nonchalantly produced a cigarette. Stan caught his hand just before he struck a match. The four men moved forward to the door. Betty had just helped the younger woman to alight.

"We'd better get pretty far from the ship," Betty called.

"You're damn' right we had!" Jackson replied loudly.

Stan saw Betty's flashlight stop. "This will be safe. I've brought some whisky. Would any of you like a drink?"

Stan went back to the plane. He ran his flashlight over it. The fuselage, relatively undamaged, had skidded through the sparse woods. He walked back through the area of demolition. After a few minutes' search he found what had been Fred. Expressionlessly he carried that object underneath the shelter of the riven wing, where the rain would not fall on it. Then he stumbled back the way he had come and pried open a compartment in the nose of the ship. He lifted out seven bags of mail and put them in the lee of a rock. The wind was dying.

He returned to the place where the passengers were. Betty was lying on the ground and blowing on a little spot of flame, which grew as she added fuel to it. The President's right-hand man was assisting her. The young woman was crying on the snoulder of the other one.

Stan looked from face to face calmly. "We are in the middle of the Rocky Mountains. It will soon be morning. We are fog-bound—or rather cloud-bound. We may be here for hours, or even days. My co-pilot has been killed. I accept full responsibility."

Harlan Jackson stopped drinking from the flask and looked at the pilot. "The hell you say, young man. I've been flying on the airways of this country for years. You did better

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than any man I ever knew could have done. My name's Harlan Jackson." He shook Stan's hand and pointed to his companion. "This is Gordon Quillan Dunlap, the head of the Eight States Steel Corporation."

Again Stan's hand was shaken—this time formally. The steel magnate said, "You did your job and you did it well. Nobody asks more."

The older woman spoke then: "I am Mrs. Courtney Wardley of Philadelphia, and this is Marte Helm, the movie star."

The traveling salesman stepped forward at that point. "By golly! Marte Helm! Glad to meet you! My name is Benson—Tommy Benson. Western sales manager of indestructible china. Been in love with you for—" His effusion was interrupted.

The shattered remains of the plane suddenly exploded. Stan took Betty aside.

"It's useless to try to hike out of here," he said. "We will be found when the fog lifts, but we may be fifty miles from a town—more even, and it doesn't seem to me as if these clouds would be gone soon. They'll go crazy up here. We've got nothing for them to eat now."

Betty shook her head. "They won't go crazy. They'll just go on worrying about the things that always worried them."

She pointed toward a log on which sat Harlan Jackson and Gordon Quillan Dunlap. The President's right-hand man was talking and gesticulating.

"I tell you for the hundredth time, Dunlap, it's got to be a vertical organization. I am out of sympathy with the horizontal system and I won't stand for it. I won't let Washington stand for it. Do you realize that until you see it my way a whole industry with a hundred thousand employees is being hung up, starved, choked?"

"I realize," the steel man replied acridly, "that until you permit me to reorganize on a horizontal basis your Washington plan is going to be held up."

Betty looked at Stan. "You see?"

"It won't last," he answered.

THAT was at daybreak. His wrist watch showed him that it was almost noon when he returned from a long scramble through the clouds, made in an effort to find some point from which he could signal for aid. It had been a fruitless attempt. As he walked back to the fire he was eagerly questioned by the traveling salesman. "No luck," he said in answer. Betty was gathering wood. She merely nodded at his reply. Jackson and Dunlap were still battling over the question of vertical and horizontal.

Marte Helm—he had understood why her face had seemed familiar when he had heard her name—was listening to Mrs. Wardley.

"I hope," Mrs. Wardley was saying, "that in spite of the fact that you are an actress yourself, you will not mind."

"I quite understand," Marte answered.

"You see, he's my only son," Mrs. Wardley continued; "the heir to his father's and my estates. I am a broad-minded woman. I do not object to the fact that his fiancée is an actress—even to the fact that she is a chorus girl. She seemed like a nice little thing. But now that they have announced their engagement, I am filled with a terrible fear—the fear that all she wants is my money."

Stan turned to Betty. "It looks thicker up above," he said quietly, "than it does down here. We may be stuck for a long time. I am going down the mountain. If we could only keep everybody thinking about their private lives— But without food—water—"

"I found a big pool of rain water in the rocks. Everybody's had some."

"But how about food?"

She pointed to the revolver on his hip. "If you see any, bring it."

HE made his way as far down the mountain as he dared go without danger of losing his party. He entered a vast forest on a slope, but even among the trees the white curtain hung before his eyes. And when he climbed back to where he thought he would find his companions, he found it was necessary to spend fifteen minutes in shouting before he picked a route to them through the deceptive echoes and the surrounding veil.

It was after three o'clock then.

Except for the incessant argument between Jackson and the steel magnate, all interest was fixed upon Marte Helm.

"So I ran away," she was saying in her soft accent. "From Hollywood, from cameras, from lights, from directors, from it all. 'Your publicity department,' I said to them, 'has treated me awfully. Besides, I'm bored. There are no men in this town of Hollywood—no strong men. Only weak men with weak smiles and weak mustaches.'"

Marte sighed and stared a little vexedly at the open-mouthed traveling salesman. "I can have any man I want any time. I lift my eyebrow; I raise my hand. They are mine. I am tired of such a simpleness of finding men who adore me. I shall go home to my own country, where all men are not fools, where they do not fall in fifteen seconds at the feet of any such beautiful woman as myself."

She suddenly caught sight of Stan. "But you, my friend," she said suddenly, "you are different. You have strength. You have courage. What a man!"

"Steak," said Benson after a while, "smothered in onions, with French-fried potatoes—"

Stan walked over to him. "Cut that out!"

Benson chuckled. "Sure, pal. Sorry. But it says on the folders of this air line that you supply all the food needed for the trip."

Stan looked down at the revolver

which was part of every pilot's equipment. "Like to go hunting?"

"Who? Me? With a cap pistol? I think I'll stay here and watch the battle between Washington and Eight States Steel."

Stan started to walk away. The salesman ran after him. "Maybe I'll go with you. I haven't got much to lose." He chuckled. "When and if I ever get to San Francisco I'll be out of a job. You see, I just became Western sales manager for a company making indestructible china—you know, dishes. I have covered every big dealer and jobber in the Middle West without a sale. The people never heard of my line and the idea just doesn't seem to catch on." He talked as they slogged down the mountain side by side. "I was telling Miss Cleveland all about it. Say, she's one of the best-looking numbers I ever saw in my life! And bright as a dollar. Know what she did? She told Mrs. Wardley why not go back to Philadelphia and tell everybody that she's lost all her money. Then if the girl still wants to marry her son she'll know it's for love. Pretty good, eh?"

Stan ducked the soaked branch of a tree. "Betty—I mean Miss Cleveland—is very competent."

"Betty, eh?" the salesman said with interest. "You fellows have it soft, flying around nights with pretty girls."

"Very soft."

"Oh, I didn't mean about last night. That was bad. And I sure was sorry about the other pilot. He seemed like a nice guy."

"Suppose we don't talk any more," Stan said. "If we're going to run across anything in here we will have to be mighty quiet."

Stan didn't believe that they would "run across anything," and his expectations were not disappointed. Just before the gray illumination on the mountain side had shaded off to black he walked with his companion back into the radiance of the fire—empty-handed. He was very tired and hungry. His hunger made him irritable.

"Didn't find anything," he said to Betty—"of course."

She nodded. Her competence seemed more than he could tolerate, and his toleration point was not increased when Marte Helm jumped to meet him.

"This wonderful stewardess!" she exclaimed. "All of a sudden, as I stood brooding and melancholy, she reminds me of the publicity I will get from this accident. It is wonderful! She is a genius!"

"It would have been obvious to anybody," Stan said. Deliberately he spit into the fire as he tightened his belt another notch.

Almost nothing was said about the acute hardship of this experience. Jackson merely muttered in his deep voice that he would be hungry if they were not picked up in a day or two, and Benson only moved closer to the fire and winked at Betty.

Presently Marte Helm came over and sat down beside Stan. Betty glanced at them quickly across the fire and then shut her eyes.

Firelight flickered on the sharp strong profile of Marte, on her voluptuous lips, on her angular and yet curiously beautiful figure.

"All day I have been thinking about you. I do not know if it is because in times of danger love is sudden and very easy, or if it is because there are so few men like you. You have read about it, yes? In times of war, plague, famine, women's hearts are on their sleeves. Maybe it is like that now."

Her voice was low and thrilling.

Stan, who had been locked in the winter of his own complicated sorrows, suddenly felt a rush of emotion. Marte Helm knew it. She had provoked it deliberately. She looked up at him and said, "Yes?"

With a sudden frenzy he wanted the girl. He stared at her. Then he relaxed. A smile came on his face.

Marte Helm understood. "You disappoint me. But the night is long, and there may be another—"

Stan startled her by leaping to his feet. From far away came the drone of an airplane motor. Somewhere

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out in the night, in the silent immovable fog, a plane was hunting for them. Would their firelight penetrate that thick blanket? Would the pilot see a dim blur and mark it down in his memory? For fifteen minutes there was a diminuendo and crescendo of the thrilling sound. Then it went away altogether. There had been no flash of wings overhead, no fire-fanning slip stream to denote that they had been discovered.

Stan sat down again. Marte returned to his side and tucked her arm in his. "I could hope they never come."

Betty stared at them across the fire, then turned up the collar of her coat, leaned against the bole of a tree, and closed her eyes again.

Harlan Jackson commenced to snore.

Marte leaned her head on Stan's chest, put one arm around him, and slept, or pretended to sleep, and in that sleep she stirred and turned her face toward his.

Time passed. Hours.

When the first gray filtered through the clouds around them Gordon Dunlap got up stiffly from the dying fire and walked over to Stan.

"My doctor," he said in a low voice and with a dry chuckle, "would tell me that this exposure would be fatal. I think it's good for me. Jackson and I have talked to each other in a dozen board meetings, but I never did have a chance to discuss things in detail with the man alone."

"I'm glad," Stan said. "You and he have been mighty fine about this."

Dunlap's eyes turned upward to the enveloping clouds. "How long can these things last?"

Stan answered softly, "Indefinitely."

The financier nodded.

Stan pondered. "If you will take Miss Helm, I'll go down to the forest again and see—"

Dunlap took Stan's place. Marte protested, half awake. Betty, on the other side of the fire, peered at the scene through her collar.

BELOW the timber line Stan searched and listened, and at last heard the stealthy crackling for which his ears had been attuned. He drew his revolver and crept forward and waited until he saw, walking directly toward him, a young doe. He fired four times, and Betty, to whose ears the shots came faintly, threw wood on the fire, so that by the time Stan returned it would be a bed of coals.

They ate greedily—the man from Lake Shore Drive, the girl from Hollywood, the Philadelphia millionaire's widow, the man from Washington, and the traveling salesman—tough fresh venison steaks broiled on sticks.

Jackson and Dunlap resumed their argument with fresh energy and spirit. Marte sat down beside Stan. Mrs. Wardley licked her fingers in a most deplorable manner and thought about the scheme Betty had contrived. Betty walked over to the ruin of the plane and poked hopefully in it.

Benson divided his last cigarette in two and smoked half of it. By and by Betty turned from the wrecked plane and hurried over to him.

"Look!" she said. She held out a mauve-colored dinner plate.

The salesman nodded. "Sure. My stuff."

Attention was focused on Betty as she continued: "You said the public didn't know about it and wouldn't buy it. Indestructible? I should say it is. Your sample case was in the baggage compartment. It had been smashed wide open and had gone through the fire, but every dish is in perfect condition."

"Of course," the salesman said. "You can't break it and you can't burn it."

Betty shook the plate in his face. "But think of it! We'll leave it just where it is in the wreck, and after they come for us we'll have photographers up here to take pictures of it. You couldn't get a better advertisement for a million dollars! I didn't disturb the rest of your samples, because I thought they ought to be photographed just where they are, all mixed up with a lot of melted duralumin."

AN awed expression appeared on Mr. Benson's face. He jumped to his feet and clapped her on the shoulder. "Sister!" he exclaimed. "You've got it! 'Winston Indestructible China Survives Crash and Fire.' Boy, oh, boy!"

Every one crowded around to see the plate. A little journey was made to the ruins of the plane to inspect the samples there. Stan smiled wryly. Betty could take everything in her stride but love; she stepped over that.

And then it was noon, and they were hungry and the murky air was filled with the aroma of roasting meat.

After that a breeze sprang up. The mist commenced to move. "It will clear away soon and then they'll find us," Jackson said decisively, and he returned to his battle with the steel man.

Every one was tired of that battle. The two leaders had at no time held down their voices, and as they talked now a pained expression came upon the faces of their involuntary listeners. Finally Betty, still eating some of her meat from the mauve-colored indestructible plate, approached them.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to make a suggestion."

Jackson looked away from the aquiline face of Dunlap and said, "What is it?"

"I've been listening to you two for more than twenty-four hours, and settling your problem of the government's relation to your business seems to be a matter entirely of personal opinion."

"I'm not surprised that you've gathered that," Dunlap said dryly.

"And," Betty went on, "it's very important for you to settle it."

Both men nodded.

Betty looked up toward the sky.

"We'll be found here and taken out before long. You ought to come to some decision. Why don't you toss a coin?" She walked away.

Jackson cleared his throat with a rumbling sound and said, "You know, Gordon—"

The steel man chuckled. "Harlan, there's some sense in what the girl says."

Every one stared. A silver coin went ringing into the air, and with it the nation's affairs. It landed and rolled a little way. Both men fell forward on their hands and knees.

"Heads!" Jackson shouted. "Vertical! You lose!"

The older man roared with laughter, slapped his knee, thumped Jackson on the back and shook his hand. "So I do. Well, thank God, the fight's ended. Vertical it will be." He looked at Betty. "Miss Cleveland, do you know you've just settled the knottiest problem that Washington is facing right now?"

Betty smiled. "I'm glad."

In another hour the sky began to be blue overhead. In two hours there was no more mist. In three hours a shining monoplane came roaring from the east directly toward the pillar of smoke which they had built as a guide. It circled low over their heads and dropped on small parachutes bags of medical supplies and food and blankets. Then it went away. But it came again before sunset with other supplies and a message saying that a rescue party would reach them sometime during the night.

Then night came. Some of the party were asleep when Marte came over to Stan as he stood warily and yet almost contentedly near the fire.

"Tonight, soon, you will come with me. We will walk in the ghostly woods down there in the moonlight. We will be like the wild animals. We will forget the land we came from and the cities we are going back to."

SHE took his arm and drew him toward the ghostly moonlight. He went reluctantly, and he retained some measure of the depression that had pervaded him even as he heard her wordless whisper and felt her arms half encircle him. In the far distance, by the fire, some one laughed light-heartedly. He bent over the woman. After a long time his ears caught a remote ringing shout. He stepped quickly out on a spur of rock. A mile below were minute moving lights. The rescue party.

Danger, death, adventure—all were ended now.

"I've got to get every one ready," he said to Marte.

She sighed and walked back beside him.

They had heard the shouts in the camp. They were excited. Stan only partly shared their elation.

Then he noticed that Betty was not beside the fire. He looked for her, but she had disappeared. He walked into the dark a little way and saw her go over a ridge—a straight sharp silhouette against the face of the rising moon. He followed her.

She was sitting beside another pool of rain water. She had pulled up her skirt and taken down her stockings. Beside her on a stone was a bottle and some bandage.

He moved forward soundlessly and he saw in the radiance of her flashlight two large blood-clotted bruises on her shins. She bathed them with a mixture of cold water and the antiseptic in the bottle, and when she had finished she bandaged them. Afterward she stared toward the camp for a long time. Stan, watching her, was surprised to see her shoulders convulse.

In a minute she was racked by sobs. She threw herself face down on the ground and wept with inconsolable violence.

He had never seen her weep. He would not have believed that she could weep.

HE crept back along the way he had come and made a noisy nonchalant return, so that when he confronted her she had concealed the bottle and the bandage, rolled up her stockings, and stopped crying. Her features were visible in the bright moonlight. She looked composed and competent. She said, "Hello."

He sat down, gestured, and she sat beside him.

"You will get a promotion for this."

She nodded. "But I'm glad it is all over."

"Yes. Nobody will ever realize how efficient you were. You've fixed up everybody in the camp. In fact, you're the greatest fixer of people's troubles I ever heard of."

"If people would only be reasonable and intelligent they wouldn't have such troubles," she answered.

"I know. But people can't be. I can't even be, myself."

"Have you got a problem too?" she asked. He nodded.

"Maybe you can give me some advice. You are sensible. Suppose you suddenly fell terribly in love with a woman. A woman you knew a lot about but didn't really know at all. Suppose she had made it clear to you that she was fond of you. What would you do about it?"

Betty looked off over the moonlit mountains. Pretty soon, she thought to herself, he'll go away. He'll go back to Marte. Her voice was low and very quiet: "If I were a man, and if I felt that way about a woman, I'd take her."

He turned toward her. He said, "Everybody else has followed your suggestions, so I guess I will." He threw one arm around her shoulders and one around her waist. He kissed her on the mouth. By and by he stopped for a moment and said, "Anyway, you can credit me with figuring out one difficulty."

Betty did not answer in words.

THE END

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Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

LIFE IN THE RAW—AND WARPED IDEALS

HAGERSTOWN, MD.—After waiting months to see that much-talked-about picture Dinner at Eight, I can't say I was exactly disappointed. The cast was perfect, the acting superb, while the lines were very clever. While in the theater I enjoyed it immensely. Yet I came home to find it had left a bad taste in my mouth and a lingering depression of mind, due to its sordid portrayal of life.

In front of me sat a boy of nineteen and a high-school girl a few years younger who laughed as gayly as did my husband and I at the sophisticated humor of the risqué situations. I've a daughter of three, and I can't help but wonder, will such disillusioning pictures be shown her too some day? Shall she see life in the raw so highly polished and beautifully presented as to allure and cause her young ideas and ideals to be warped or shattered?

Are we not making a mistake by setting such an example of life before the eyes of our youths, as well as ourselves? Instead of giving us inspiration to help us pull ourselves up to our ideals, we are feeding our minds on the fleshpots, and so often dragging our ideals through them in our own moral descent.

What can we expect of our boys and girls if we as their parents do not give them stars to which they may hitch their hopes and ideals? If the stars lie in the mud and scum beneath our feet, there must be a downward trend in the lives of those coming in contact with the ones responsible for their lowly and degrading position. Why not place them in the firmament, where they belong, and portray life more in the spirit of one of our favorite American authors—Temple Bailey—who depicts life not as rotten, as filthy, as dirty as it so often is, but as she and we in our youth once dreamed it would be:

'Twas only a paper moon
Sailing over a cardboard sea,
But it wouldn't be make-believe
If you believed in me.

But what can we do about it? I admit I now enjoy deliciously spicy repartee when cleverly woven in the lines, so as not to be too repulsive to my sensibilities. Once my whole soul would have revolted at any such indecencies. But I am very fond of movies and their sex education has been successful to a certain degree in thus creating and developing a willingness to enjoy this type of amusement. If this can so change me, though barely in my thirties, notwithstanding the fact I was reared in one of the purest and finest of homes, what greater influence will it not have on the lives of our adolescents and young men and women? I feel it will eat at the very core of their moral stability, and in so doing weaken and cause not only their own downfall but perhaps, in time, that of their nation as well.—*Mrs. O. D. Teaff.*

★ ★ ★ ★

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.

Mrs. Teaff's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and she has been sent $25.
VOX POP EDITOR.

TO DRIFT—AND TO SCRUB

ALTOONA, PA.—Gifford Pinchot proved himself not only a scholar and a gentleman but a great humanitarian as well by signing the old-age pension bill. With this one gesture alone he has endeared himself to the heart of America and the world.

We proudly bestow medals upon those performing deeds of valor. We even have our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and our millionaires to endow institutions supporting this cause. But the aged man and woman wandering helpless again near the border of childhood, our bright shining youth of yesterday—they are discarded, left to drift—and to scrub!—*Mary E. Jackson.*

ELEVEN PEOPLE SHOOK THE DOOR

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—We close the store at ten every evening. I stayed to arrange the news-stand display last Tuesday night, locking the door from the inside. I worked one hour, and during that time eleven people shook the door and I opened it to see what they wanted. Nine wanted to know if the new copy of Liberty was out (we put Liberty on sale every Wednesday morning), as they were anxious to get the installment of Transient Lady by Octavus Roy Cohen.

It is the most interesting serial I have ever read.—*Samuel Dideman.*

ENLIGHTENED

PENSACOLA, FLA.—By being more and more enlightened by Liberty on government, it is dawning on me that for us women the study of and coöperation in shaping our government should share at least fifty-fifty with our church, sewing circles, etc.

I strongly commend and encourage Liberty, its progressive editorials and articles urging righteous government, its Vox Pop open forum—giving both sides.—*Mrs. E. V. White.*

HORSE SENSE FOR ARTISTS

FORT LYON, COLO.—My good gosh! What kind of a person is Irene Zimerman (Liberty cover for February 17) and where and what has she been doing and seeing for the past twenty-five or thirty years?

I'll bet the nearest to rural or small-town life she knows anything about is what she saw from a rubber-neck bus while riding around Central Park.

I have lived all my life in small towns and in rural districts in most of the states of the Union, and I don't know of any place where they do or the public would let any one dress like the young man in that picture. All his clothes are twenty years out of date, yet he wears a wrist watch and is going to an appearance of Greta Garbo.

Yours for artists using horse sense.—*Bert Hengland.*

"GOD KNOWS, GRAFT STARTS YOUNG"

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—The air-mail controversy, Secretary Roper's New Deal for the aëronautic branch of the Department of Commerce, Lindy's "back talk," is giving all air-minded and even air-inclined America something to say. To date, here on the West Coast at least, opinion seems to favor the big air lines who were "dog-housed" by Farley, frowns are being cast at Secretary Roper (according to certain big dailies), and Lindy hasn't lost much caste.

All of which, in my humble opinion, is wrong. I am a friend to commercial aviation nevertheless, and thoroughly familiar with all its aspects. But I am not blind to its shortcomings and the great need for powerful intervention such as the President's, Postmaster Farley's, and Secretary Roper's.

It is an "infant industry," as so often ballyhooed, but, God knows, graft starts young in our present-day America. And the nip in the bud is always more effective than on the bloom.—*Delphina Dodge.*

CORRUPTION AND COLLUSION

BALTIMORE, MD.—Aviation! Aviation and its immortal heroes. In the past ten years miles upon miles of ticker tape, confetti, and an approving American public have honored all of them.

During that same span of years we, a gullible American people, have been forced to accede to contracts for the carrying of our mail through the aërial highways. Contracts dictated by politicians, former officeholders, "employees of the taxpayer," as a means to a definite end, for their benefit and favor.

Thanks and congratulations to the man who still has that fearless and dynamic power to carry out the courage of his convictions, in so far as he has once again made it possible for our Army Air Corps to fly our mail, due to the fact that the investigation now in progress has shown corruption and collusion in the awarding of subsidies to air-line companies.

This is as it should be. I advocate the flying of our mail by trained military forces, under strict military supervision, for the benefits that can and should be derived.—*William J. Lorenz.*

TO KNIT OR NOT TO KNIT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If you agree with H. C. Bailey, U. S. N., and Frank J. Valvo, and have a chess problem and a checker problem published each week, why don't you be thorough and have an article on Knitting and Crocheting—in Five Easy Lessons?

After all, at least a page or two should be reserved for stories. Don't you think so?—*A. Y. M.*

Pop

AN INVITATION

DEAR EDITOR: I have the honor to invite you to join the distinguished men and women now associated with the International Committee on American Speech, whose objectives are the development of a finer American speech standard in school, theater, screen, broadcasting, public speaking, and everyday language.

Experimental laboratory for the movement, the Speech Center, setting up a national network of associated groups in the cities and towns of the United States, will act as the mouthpiece of a movement which seeks to iron out the accents of sections, neighborhoods, and foreign influence; to establish a new æsthetic, a standard of American-English usage, and to promote a better quality of speech tone—pleasant, human, sincere (as opposed, for instance, to the arrogant, stupid, condescending, puppetlike voices of the majority of radio announcers), and to work for better diction.

The Speech Center will express itself through all of the arts of speech, from the simple rudiments of ordinary speaking through public speaking, arts of the theater, radio-broadcasting technique, talking-picture technique, etc. Here, in lecture rooms, forum rooms, little theater, radio studio, talking-picture studio, and art gallery of theater arts, the experiments will be carried forward in a school for laymen, amateurs, semiprofessionals, and artists, and in work for children and adults.

I feel certain that you will applaud such an activity and give it your blessing. May I add your name to the Committee, of course without obligating you in any manner whatsoever?—*The International Committee on American Speech.*

"The Editor is sorry that he cannot join the distinguished committee. He regards the purpose of this association as tragically mistaken. Life in America is already too standardized. Why take from us our Southern drawl, our New England nasal twang, our Western rasp, or our New York cherce of woids? No, sorry, but again, no, no."

TADPOLE INTO FROG

NESCOPECK, PA.—In the February 17 Vox Pop Mr. D. V. Montell of Flushing, New York, states that he was told a frog goes through a complete metamorphosis in a few hours and, if the weather is damp, in less than an hour. Apparently Mr. Montell was misinformed.

The time required for frogs to undergo a complete metamorphosis depends on its species.

By no stretch of the imagination does any frog completely metamorphose in several hours, let alone one hour. The process is slower than that. Nor does damp weather affect this process by hastening it. How could it, when it occurs in water?—*Elwood C. Peters, M. S.*

THE ROYAL MOUNTED FAIL TO GET THEIR MAN (?)

HAVRE, MONT.—I want to share with the readers of Liberty a joke that I played on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police of Alberta, Canada.

On October 13, 1933, I made a bet with friends here that I could dress in masculine attire and impersonate a man in Canada for three weeks, and return again to the United States undiscovered. *And I did it.*

A friend bet me fifty dollars that the Mounties would penetrate my disguise and put me in jail before I had been in Canada a week.

On October 13, 1933, I had my hair cut like a man's, dressed in men's clothing, packed a small hand grip with shirts, socks, etc., and started for Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

With friends on both sides of the line, it was easy for me to dodge the Canadian customs officer.

I stopped at the best hotels in Lethbridge and Calgary, Alberta, *as a man.*

I had always heard that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police could detect an American at first glance. But I know that they *can't* tell a girl from a boy.

And it gives me a thrill to know that I, an eighteen-year-old American girl, have slipped one over on the R. C. M. —*An American Girl.*

EXTRA! DOG HOWLS IN REAL LIFE, TOO

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The following article from the Ventura County Star ought to interest you. It is coincidental with Erle Stanley Gardner's serial The Howling Dog—one fiction and the other factual truth.

DOG NOT NUISANCE, ITS OWNER CLAIMS

In defense of the character of her police dog, Mrs. —— —— of —— yesterday pleaded not guilty to a charge of keeping a public nuisance when she was arraigned in the justice court before Judge Malvern Dimmick, who set her trial for February 28 at 10 A. M.

Mrs. —— was charged with the offense in a complaint signed by a neighbor, who alleges that the dog bites when allowed to run free, and when tied up howls, to the distress of the neighbors.

She was released on her own recognizance until the time for trial.—*L. P.*

LINGERING EVIL

HARLAN, KY.—Even though prohibition was repealed by the American people in the past November election, citizens of many states are burdened with the woes of prohibition; will continue to be until the meeting of their respective state legislatures. Why should treasuries be drained by insistent enforcement, when the coffers of the states should be refilled from the taxes on legalized liquors?

The people desire action, as made evident by the recent vote. They suffer needlessly, waiting for the petty state laws to be repealed by cumbersome state legislatures.

Immediate repeal is the only remedy for this situation. Action should be taken by state legislatures at once. It is the only way to remove this lingering evil from American statutes.—*Charles Blanton.*

HE GOSSIPS

KOKOMO, IND.—I have been thinking for some time of writing an article on How Men Have Come to the Front as Gossips. Then I read Beware of the Cat! by Marie Beynon Ray, in Liberty of February 17.

For the past twenty-two years I have had plenty of opportunity to observe both men and women, and the men have it all over the ladies when it comes to spreading gossip.

Just the other day a salesman who I thought was of the highest class made a derogatory remark about a competitor, and the competitor was a woman at that. He left the impression that this particular woman had too much personality for him to call on her and that he wouldn't be able to resist her wiles! Can you imagine any woman ever saying that of a man?—*Mae P. Calkins.*

A LONG TIME TO KEEP SILENT

CALUMET, MICH.—Why I Have Kept Silent for Two Years, by Ann Harding as told to Elza Schallert, in February 24 Liberty, certainly was a timely and greatly appreciated article. Please thank Elza for passing the story on to us. Two years is such a long time for some people to keep silent that one naturally begins to wonder and worry about it.

However, now that we know all about it, Ann may take another rest without anybody becoming unduly excited over it.

If next you could induce Mr. John N. Garner to come out of his shell and tell us what is the matter, you will perform a real service to your many interested readers.—*Frederik Frederikson.*

HOW DO YOU LIKE DESTROYER?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I seldom take any magazine seriously enough to write to the editors thereof, but in the February 3d issue of Liberty I came across the best story I've ever seen in Liberty—and I haven't just started to read your magazine, either. I refer to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story The Saga of "Battleship Gertie."

It is refreshing in its subject and in the author's manner of handling it. Very seldom do I come across a story about the navy in which the author shows so clearly his knowledge of the navy and of naval procedure.—*R. A. Dawes, Jr., ex-Navy.*

POSTSCRIPT

VOX POP acknowledges with thanks the many interesting and intelligent letters—particularly those from Robert H. Tifft, Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles Williams, Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter H. Eaton, Los Angeles, Calif.; N. Preston Adams, Bridgeton, N. J.; and C. B. Overman, High Point, N. C.—commenting on and answering the Four-Star Letter by Herold F. Marting in February 24 Liberty, and regrets that lack of space prevents their publication.

DERELICTS

A SHORT SHORT STORY by COREY FORD

READING TIME: 5 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

"No place to sleep," he typed, scowling slightly through the curling smoke of a cigarette dangling from his lips, "nowhere to turn, none to help her, alone in the great heartless"—he paused, x-ed out "heartless"—"callous city. Just a forgotten girl, friendless, hungry, cowering for a moment in the shelter of a rain-swept doorway ere she is ordered to move again. Where? Where?"

Terry sighed, rolled up the yellow paper a few notches on his typewriter carriage, and leaned back in his chair. He rubbed a two days' stubble of red beard. "Yeah," he muttered bitterly. "Where?"

He had not even learned her name. All that he had of her now was the mental picture of her face—round cheeks glistening with rain, a wet upturned nose, shining eyes. "A tiny and forlorn figure"—he crossed out "figure" and scowled for a moment—"derelict of humanity," he amended, "her hands numb with cold, her teeth chattering, but her smile still brave, and her voice—"

Terry paused dreamily. He sighed again. He could still recall distinctly that soft voice which had accosted him unexpectedly from the shadows as he plowed along the rainy street: "You haven't got a cigarette, mister?"

Water had poured in a little cascade from the brim of his battered hat as he bent over and stared down at the doorway. She smiled up at him pleasantly. "Come on in out of the rain," she invited him, "and sit down here in front of the fireplace. I'll ring for tea."

He grinned and planted himself beside her on the damp doorstep. "I'll take lemon in mine." He unbuttoned his frayed and shabby coat and fished in a pocket. "Just one left, sister," he said, breaking a cigarette in half, "but we can make it do for both of us."

They smoked for a moment in silence. She wriggled her toes inside her shoes, and water bubbled and oozed out of the cracked seams with a squishing sound. "I always keep holes in them," she explained gayly, following the direction of his sympathetic gaze, "so the water can run out again."

"How long have you been walking around like this?" he asked gently.

"Oh—a long time, I guess. I don't remember. Ever since I got—well, put out on the street, as you might say."

"Tough," he said. "Plenty tough."

"You look as if you'd been doing a little tramping around yourself," she said. "Broke?"

"Flat on my whoosis."

"Just happen?"

He started. "What? Oh, no," he said hurriedly. "No, I been on the bum a long time." He glanced at her uneasily. "What made you think—"

"Well," she said very frankly, "you don't look as if you were used to—to all this."

"Sure," he assured her heartily. "I been bumming for a couple of years. Riding the freights, and sleeping in hobo jungles and parks and jails—everything like that." He felt her eyes on him a trifle suspiciously. "Sure. I've washed dishes, and scrubbed out speakeasies, and—oh, anything I could find to do," he elaborated.

An ominous shadow had stopped in front of them, and he caught the gleam of brass buttons on a blue uniform beneath a shiny raincoat. "Listen," he whispered. "I've got a little money—it was left over from the last time I worked," he explained quickly. "There's a dog wagon down the street." He glanced frigidly at the towering policeman. "Perhaps we could have a little more privacy there." . . .

He watched her with a half smile as she devoured a second helping of beans and sopped up the gravy from her plate with a thick slab of bread. Over the rim of a heavy coffee mug she gazed at him for a moment, her eyes shining. "I think it's wonderful—hearing real adventures like yours."

He winced. "They weren't anything," he shrugged.

She smiled gratefully. "You don't know how much it means to me, hearing you talk like this. You've helped me more than I can tell you." Her voice lowered. "You've given me something—something fine!"

He squirmed and laced his fingers together on the marble counter, staring down at them miserably. He could never admit his cheap deception in the face of that trusting smile. She rose and held out her hand. "Good-by—and thank you."

He had let her go without a word.

"Where?" he read again to himself disconsolately. "Where, you sap?" He ground out his cigarette, yanked the last sheet of copy paper out of the typewriter, and scribbled a hasty "30" at the bottom of the page.

THE city editor paused beside his desk.

"How you coming with that unemployment yarn, Terry?"

"Not so good," he replied.

The city editor frowned. "Two days now you've been prowling around the city in that phony hobo outfit," he growled. "You ought to have been able to find a story in that time."

"I found one," sighed Terry, "but I lost it again."

"You'd better keep looking," the editor said savagely. "The Globe's been scooping us again on our own stuff. Look at this human-interest yarn they're running today—it's a pip! All about a young fellow who's bummed from Maine to California—washing dishes, scrubbing out speakeasies. That's the kind of a story I want. Something real!" He flung the newspaper irritably on to Terry's desk. "Some girl on the Globe staff dug it up."

Terry's fascinated eyes had skimmed down the column of print to the final paragraph. "Where has he gone?" he read. "Will he be in the same place again tonight? Will he halt for a moment, perhaps, in the same doorway? Will he share his cigarette once more with a fellow derelict of—"

"Where," gasped the city editor in astonishment, "are you going in such a hurry?"

"I'm on my way!" said Terry, grabbing his hat. "I got an idea for a good follow-up."

THE END

Will Soviet Russia Fight Japan?

By FRAZIER HUNT

(Reading time: 4 min. 35 sec.)

FOR two years war or peace in the Far East rested to a considerable extent in the soft tiny hands of a slender mild little man, barely five feet tall and weighing hardly one hundred pounds.

His name was Sadao Araki and he was a lieutenant general of the Japanese army and Minister of War. But he was actually far more than that; he was to all intent and purpose a virtual dictator of his country and the final arbiter of what was to happen along the shores of the western Pacific.

Keystone View photo

Sadao Araki

I had two long friendly and intimate talks with this strange politico-military genius. I liked him. He was human. He was deeply sincere.

If he had not chosen to be a soldier I am sure that he would have become a Shinto priest—preaching worship of emperor and country. Even as a military man he preached that.

He and his army could have thrown Japan into war with Soviet Russia—or, for that matter, with the United States—just as his army started, without official sanction from Tokyo, the adventure at Mukden on the night of September 18, 1931, that has led up to the cutting off of vast Manchuria, the intrusion of Japanese influence south of the Great Wall of China, and finally the threat of a war with Soviet Russia.

I use the past tense, for today Araki is out and a more moderate soldier fills his powerful position as Minister of War. And once again the civil elements in the government have pulled the reins from the mailed fist of the militarists.

Unquestionably there are certain elements in the Japanese army that still insist that Japan's best chance to grab off Vladivostok and the Far Eastern provinces of Siberia and tack it on to Manchuria is *now*—this very spring—while Russia is still only half prepared. But I do not believe that this will happen.

I firmly believe that the odds are five to one against it. The moment is past: Araki is gone. And I cannot get myself around to thinking that even wild, uncontrolled ambitious nationalism can lose its head to the extent of forcing such a stupid and unprofitable war.

Russia is determined to go to almost any honorable extremes to dodge it. A score of Russian officials have said to me: "Soviet Russia does not want another foot of territory—but we are determined that no one shall take a foot of our land."

Yet the majority of "trained observers" in the Far East are casting their eyes up at the black clouds hanging over the western Pacific and calling them "war clouds." They say the odds are even or better that there will be a war this spring, or at the latest the spring of next year. "When the thaw comes" is the official phrase; but I have seen the deep mud roads of northern Manchuria "when the thaw comes." Americans who remember the spring roads in the rich black earth of the Middle West in pre-auto and pre-good-roads days will know what it would mean to drag guns and transport supplies and reënforcements across the endless soft roads of northern Manchuria and eastern Siberia.

It is a vast and threatening land. I cannot forget the difficulties the 65,000 Japanese troops had during the winter months of the Allied Expedition in Siberia in 1918-19-20.

Outwardly it is the mood of Japan to forge ahead, to let nothing check her nationalistic ambitions—"necessities" they would call them. But deep down under the surface there are unquestionable forces at work against war and against the whole spirit of flaunting the peace of the world.

One is the slow return to influence of the civilian elements—the statesmen, industrialists, bankers, business men, and general liberal minds. From that night in October, 1931, when the Manchurian "war" began, on through Shanghai and the Japanese raid below the Great Wall of China, these non-military forces have been submerged by threat of assassination (five of Japan's finest men were killed in cold blood) and then by the beating of the tom-toms of nationalism and war threats.

GENERAL ARAKI, as I have said, was virtually dictator. According to the Japanese Constitution only high ranking army and navy officials can fill the posts of Minister of Army and Navy respectively. Without the sanction of the General Staffs there can be no Cabinet. Without Araki there could not even have been the semblance of parliamentary government.

But Araki has been pushed aside and slowly and surely the Japanese military must turn toward some orderly compromise with her civilian men of power. There are such things as Voices of Reason—even though they may at times be very wee and indistinguishable voices.

And no country can for long flaunt the Will of the World. And, Nazi Germany notwithstanding, this elusive Will of the World is against war.

Japan was the only great country in the world that did not learn first-hand that *wars do not pay*—even victorious wars. But the world learned it. And if the Japanese military allow their fanatical patriotism and their wrongly emphasized religious nationalism to point them into a war against Soviet Russia, they will learn it to their sorrow.

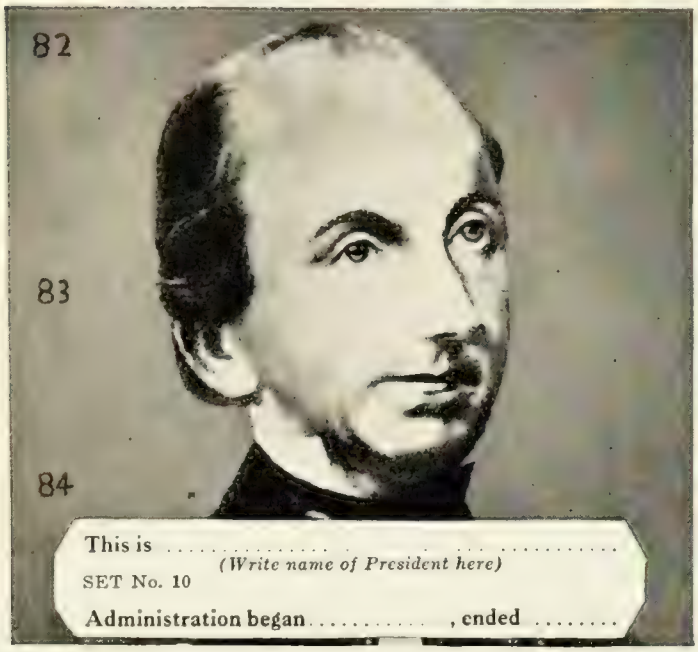
I believe the small still Voice of Reason will win.

I repeat, the odds are five to one that there will be no war in the western Pacific this spring or the spring following.

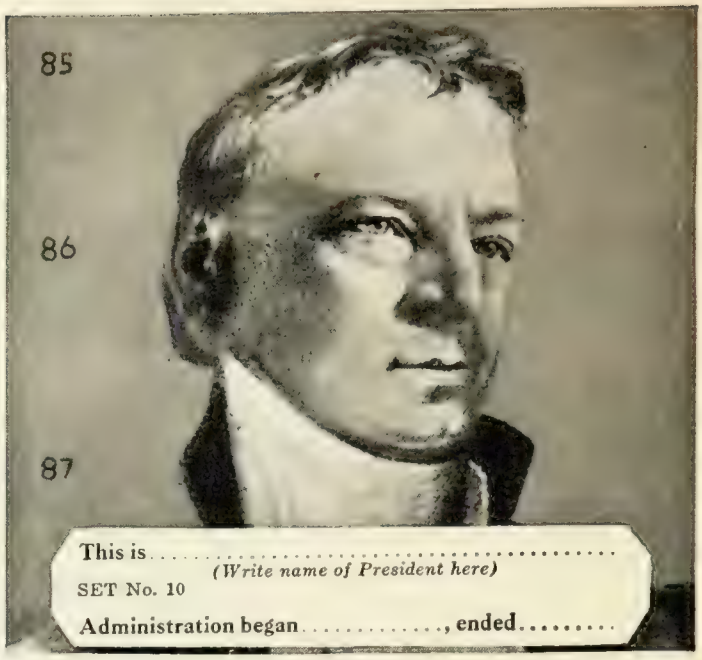
Another article by Mr. Hunt will appear in an early issue.

THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK!

$2,500 PRESIDENTS CONTEST



THE FOREHEAD *is of a native of New Jersey; the eyes and nose are of one who left college to enlist in the Revolutionary army; the mouth and chin are of a Chancellor of William and Mary College.*



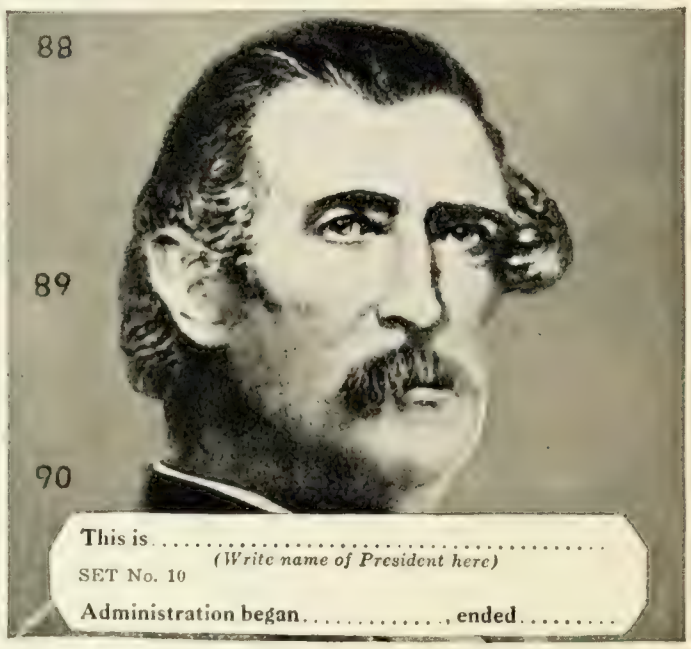
THE FOREHEAD *is of one who resigned from the United States Senate; the eyes and nose are of a teacher of the blind; the mouth and chin are of one who practiced law at Fredericksburg, Virginia.*

THIS is the final set of contest composites. When you have cut them apart and reassembled them correctly your set of thirty pictures should be complete. Now is the time to read the rules carefully before preparing and submitting your entry. Remember that elaborateness is unnecessary. It is better to spend your time in checking and rechecking your entry than in preparing an ornate mounting which will have no weight with the judges.

Therefore concentrate on the accuracy and neatness of your work. Keep the closing date in mind. Allow plenty of time for your entry to reach the address given in Rule 6 on or before Monday, April 23. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked so that there will be no delay in the event you receive an award. The winners will be announced in the earliest possible issue. Watch for them!

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name ano address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



THE FOREHEAD *is of one who was wounded in action at Trenton; the eyes and nose are of one who was Governor of Virginia; the mouth and chin are of a Mayor of Buffalo.*

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	$1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

ANOTHER INTERESTING CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME: 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

LIONEL BARRYMORE answered my question with a twisty smile.

"No," he said; "it would be too much of a risk to call myself the *head* of a family like ours. I just admit that I'm the eldest."

Then he told me some tribal customs of the great Barrymores. They send each other presents at Christmas and on birthdays, but they avoid family reunions and holiday gatherings of the clan. They dislike fusses.

The Barrymore heirlooms, souvenirs, old photographs, etc., are scattered among the kin. No attempt has been made to organize the collection.

For a "royal" family, they are very happy-go-lucky.

Their real name is Blythe. Nobody has called them by that name for two generations. Ethel was named after a Thackeray heroine—Ethel Newcombe—a fiction favorite of old Maurice Barrymore, father of the current Barrymores.

The name Lionel was a romantic inspiration, and Lionel didn't like it when he was a kid. Thought it sounded sissified. He grew up, played baseball, and went to school in Philadelphia.

"Seton Hall was my school," he told me. "Old Mexican families sent their boys there. Nearly all of the Mexican boys who went to school with me have been killed in revolutions. I always read the Mexican news with interest; often I find a schoolmate in the thick of it."

Lionel Barrymore paints, etches, plays the piano. He wanted to be an artist, but did not care for the poverty.

He followed family tradition, became an actor—and now he upholds his artistic idealism by being a *real* actor.

Masculine movie fans swear by him. He's their favorite.

LIONEL BARRYMORE

● Sailors don't swear—not in front of ladies.

I get this reassuring item of information from Captain J. A. Hazelwood, master of the S. S. Nevadan. The captain tells me in a letter that I must have been mistaken when I wrote some weeks ago about a girl who picked up lusty language from her seafaring father and brothers.

"I will say without hesitation," says Captain Hazelwood, "that the average seafaring man is much more careful of his conversation in the presence of women than is the average man ashore."

And the captain goes on to say, "May I suggest that while the young woman may possibly have acquired some of her strong language from her father and brothers, it appears to me that there must have been other sources from which the greater part of it was acquired."

Ladies who read this should keep it in mind when they meet seafaring men. We wouldn't want to shock any sailors, would we, girls?

● After an evening concert a lady invited the rest of us to supper at her home. When we got there I saw a worried look on the faces of several guests.

The man who sat next to me put it into words. "I wonder what we're going to eat," he fretted. "I hope it won't keep me awake all night."

His point of view is worth having in mind when you give a late supper. As a general rule it is best to steer clear of cheese rarebits and hotly spiced things. Midnight suppers can be tasty enough without committing murderous assault upon the digestion. You can serve such dishes as scrambled eggs on anchovy toast, sweetbreads in thin sherry sauce, dropped eggs on tomato shells filled with chopped tongue, creamed finnan haddie with parsley and paprika, oysters or clams à la Creole—there are plenty of light, suitable delicacies. It is wise not to give your midnight guests very large helpings. Send them home fit for bed.

● Scientists are experimenting with aluminum mirrors. If they get what they're after we may soon have unbreakable mirrors as good as glass.

What a blessing for superstitious people who live in dread of the seven years' bad luck that is supposed to follow a mirror breaker. Tarnish has been the trouble, heretofore, with metal mirrors. The scientists believe that their new aluminum ones won't tarnish.

● Read Nancy Hoyt's new novel, Susan Errant. Thoroughly modern entertainment. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

● We have an attractive shoe novelty this season. Plain pumps are being made of bright morocco leather. The colors are Oriental green, clear red, and a lovely new shade called *clay* brown. These pumps should be strictly unornamented and should have medium low heels.

Somehow the shoe people forgot to include one of the very best morocco colors canary yellow. And that's too bad. Yellow morocco pumps would look marvelous with a white summer dress.

● Nothing makes me madder than falling down in a public place. Thank goodness, I am not one of those unfortunates who seem to be born with a talent for tumbling. I know a girl thus afflicted. For some unaccountable reason she trips and falls down. It makes her so mad that she usually insults whoever picks her up.

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

"But what about us, Aithra?" I asked her. She did not look up at once. She seemed to be listening. I saw her eyes darken.

DESTRO

A NOVEL OF A LOVE DEEPER

READING TIME: 29 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

PART FIVE ● "I'M NOT THE GIRL YOU THOUGHT ME"

THE newly appointed gunnery officer of the United States Destroyer Spearman, Joel Tiernan, joins his ship at Manila. At a restaurant in Manila kept by a Chinese philosopher, Brother Cheng, Joel meets a girl whom he knows only as "Aithra." Later he finds that she is Aithra Leidig, wife of Lieutenant Commander Leidig, in command of the Spearman.

Joel meets the other officers of his ship: Lieutenant James Horus, executive officer; Lieutenant Chenoweth, first lieutenant; Lieutenant Dennis Karnell, torpedo officer; Lieutenant Dorne and Ensign Starling.

The Spearman is not a taut ship. Discipline is relaxed, morale is at a low ebb. Joel blames the commander, Leidig. He learns that Leidig has been carrying on an affair with a woman, Mrs. Gorce, widow of a former officer. It has been a case of love at first sight between Aithra and Joel. They meet at intervals, but the girl insists that she must stand by her husband. She tells Joel that Leidig has a deep moral illness that has sapped his self-control and that they must both help him. By hard work Joel manages to bring his gun crews up until they make a record at target practice.

The destroyer division is ordered to Shanghai and on the way passes through a typhoon. Leidig himself brings the ship through, with an exhibition of skill at the wheel. After the Spearman has been in Shanghai a few days, Mrs. Gorce arrives and is shown to Leidig's cabin by Dennis.

Y E R

THAN THE SEA

by
FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN

ILLUSTRATION BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

LEIDIG'S been hiding out on the Gorce, you know," Dennis said. "Hasn't been ashore for longer than an hour since we docked. She came aboard just now and demanded to see him. I went down and said, 'A Mrs. Gorce to see you, sir.' He didn't bat an eyelash. Just said, 'Have her come in, please.' She seems rather a good sort. She's crying in there. But it's no go."

Shaking his head, Dennis flung out the door. I sat there, my heart beating fast. The first move!

"Hello, Mr. Tiernan."

"Oh—how do you do?"

"May I?"

"Y-yes, come right in."

Mrs. Gorce entered my little room. She shut the door behind her. In a fluster, I made tidying motions and offered her the one chair. She sat down with a tired sigh. Her eyes looked swollen.

"When—uh—did you get in?"

"Eight days ago. I've just been talking with Jack. He wants me to leave him."

"He does?"

"What has gotten into Jack, Mr. Tiernan? He's changed."

"Well—he's changed. That's all."

"He says he wants to live with Mrs. Leidig as man and wife." Then, demurely, "Would you like that?"

"It isn't any of my affair, Mrs. Gorce."

"Oh—I thought you were in love with her. I saw you kissing her."

"Kissing Mrs. Leidig?"

"Yes. By the tennis courts at the Army-Navy Club, the night of the big dance."

I had misread this woman. She was no passive, futile figure.

"I suppose you told Leidig?"

"I don't do that to men."

We looked at each other.

I said: "You may as well tell him. He's got to know it. I love Aithra and she loves me."

Mrs. Gorce gave me a friendly man-to-man smile.

"I wouldn't tell on you. A man has a right to his fun. It's the woman's lookout."

"You misunderstand. I'm going to marry Aithra."

"Oh. Excuse me. Will she divorce Jack?"

"Yes."

"What will be her grounds?"

"Why—I don't know. We never— I'm hoping Leidig will do the decent thing and set her free."

She considered that a moment.

"No, Jack won't. He thinks he loves her and that she loves him. Jack kids himself a lot. I'll tell her about Jack and me."

"No! You can't—you mustn't. No! If you told Aithra, he'd hate you."

"I don't think she'd tell him where she got it."

I fired my last shot:

"I'll tell him."

She was puzzled.

"That strikes me as being downright odd, Mr. Tiernan. She has to get a divorce before you can marry her. And her only grounds would be—Jack and me."

"The three of us will work it out. You keep out of it."

Mrs. Gorce seemed convinced. She stood up. I wondered at her assurance. What did she have except her body to draw Leidig back?

"When will you talk to Jack?"

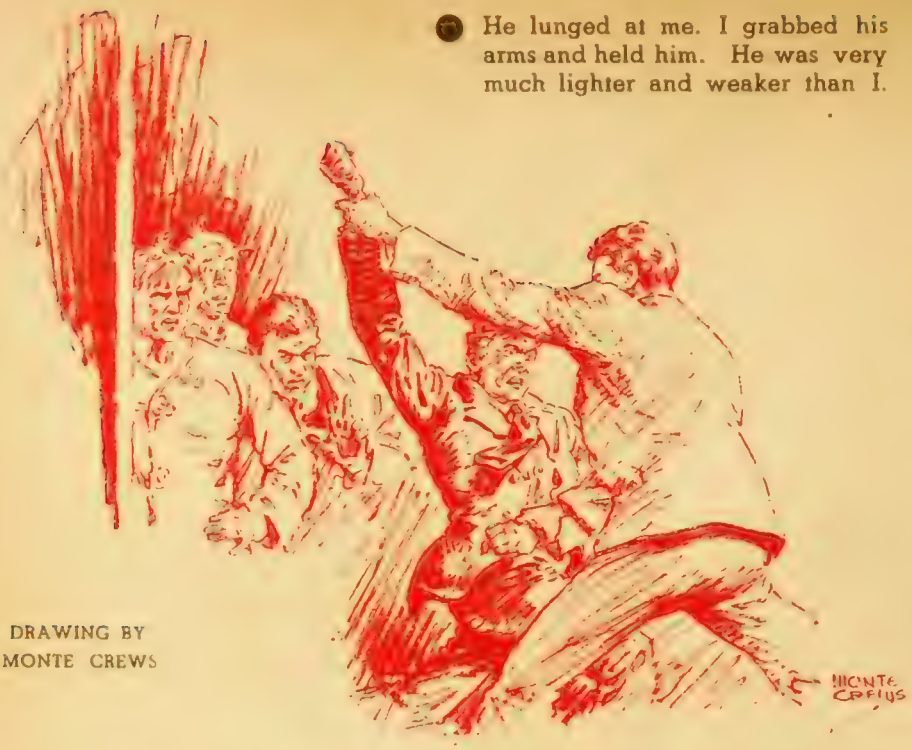
"As soon as I've seen Aithra."

She fumbled in her hand bag and drew out a pencil.

"I'll give you my phone number. I want you to call me as soon as everything is definitely settled. There! Mind you don't lose it." She handed me a card.

It bore the inscription: "Emma Gorce. Winsted 876. Number 19 Canton Way."

She held out her hand to me as she prepared to leave.



He lunged at me. I grabbed his arms and held him. He was very much lighter and weaker than I.

DRAWING BY MONTE CREWS

"Did he behave well during the typhoon?"

"Magnificently."

"He seems fifteen years younger. He's got his zest back. He's full of plans. Captain Hatfield is going to get a battleship and Jack thinks he has a chance to make three stripes soon and go with him as executive officer. He is so happy about it all, Joel. We talked about you."

"You told him?"

"No. I couldn't! I'm a miserable coward."

"What did you say about me, then?"

"He said you were brave, and I said you were a nice boy; and he said he was going to ask you to take me places because he's so busy, and I pretended indifference; and he said I must be sure and not let you fall in love with me, and I laughed."

She looked up, her blue eyes frank.

"Why don't you hate me, Joel? Why don't you jump up from the table and go away forever? I'm not the girl you thought me."

"You're the one," I told her.

"Good-by, Mr. Tiernan. Remember, I want to help you young people in every way I can. And I know Jack better than either of you. We've been through—a lot."

The hand bag snapped shut. She had more than her body. She had six years of Leidig's life. She had drama and tragedy and whisperings in the dark and the sharing of sin. Leidig had tried to lose those years, but they were not his alone to toss aside.

"Don't bother to come upstairs. I have walking shoes on and I can manage all right."

I WAS strong enough not to go to the Customs Jetty the day Aithra's ship landed passengers. Leidig disappeared immediately after breakfast and did not return all day. That evening the cox'n of the last boat brought me a message:

Joel:

Tomorrow. One o'clock. Cathay tea room. AITHRA.

She came toward me with both hands extended. We looked at each other in a long silence, I holding her hands and wanting to draw her close and kiss her.

"You're thinner, Joel."

"Still like me?"

"Of course. Come. Every one is staring."

I followed her to a side table. She was wearing a light-gray suit, tweedy and boyish, and a small felt hat tilted jauntily on her black head. She carried herself with a high-shouldered impetuous quickness. I was conscious of admiration in other men's eyes. The head waiter remembered her. I heard him say, "Been back to the States, Mrs. Leidig?" And she said, "Oh, no. Just to Manila, Hollis. Did you get your trip home?"

"Yes; I had a month, thank you."

"Hungry, Joel? I am. This is going to cost you a fortune!"

"I'm prepared," I said. "We got our pay checks yesterday."

My eyes took in her gloves, her pigskin bag, a small parcel she laid aside.

"Your nose is sunburned and you have five freckles," I said. "I like you!"

She smiled. Her gaze traveled around the room.

"I've thought very hard—this last month."

"So have I."

"Jack and I had a long talk last night. He wants us to start a real marriage."

"That can't happen!"

"I don't know—yet, Joel. He's changed. It's like a miracle. And he gives me all the credit for it."

"He should."

"How can I ever be free? He seems to want me and need me more than he did in Manila."

"You don't love him, Aithra."

"I don't—know."

"Were you—a wife to him last night?"

"No."

"Did you want to be?"

"No. But I was sorry. He's been so terribly kind to me, Joel. That's the trouble. If I could hate him—if I could even dislike him—if I could hurt him and not care! Marriage is as solemn as life or death to me. I can't run out on Jack for an infatuation."

I had learned a little wisdom at last.

"We'll wait, Aithra," I said. "This is good tea. Have another cup."

THE next day Leidig summoned me from gun drill.

"Joel, I wish you'd help me out of a little difficulty. I promised Mrs. Leidig I'd take her to the races this afternoon, but the admiral has called a commanders' powwow in the Houston and it will be too late when I get away. Would you mind "

"Delighted, sir."

Getting out his wallet, he extracted a box card and handed it to me. "Ignacio will be at the jetty landing at two o'clock. He'll know where you are to meet Mrs. Leidig."

"Thank you, sir."

I think he suspected even then that I was deeply interested in Aithra. But it merely amused him. . . .

Ignacio said we were to meet Missy Leidig at Majestic Hotel.

She was not at the hotel. I waited forty minutes. Finally she hurried into the lobby.

"Joel! Did he send you?"

"Yes. At two o'clock."

"Oh, is it past two o'clock now?"

"Two forty-seven."

"I'm so dreadfully sorry—and glad, too. It will take only a moment for me to slip on another dress." She smiled charmingly and vanished into an elevator.

Twenty-eight minutes later she reappeared.

"Was I long, Joel? But I do look better, don't I?"

"I don't notice the least improvement."

"I was dressing especially for you."

"Forgive me, angel."

We started for the car. Near the door she mentioned that she had forgotten her race glass and her money. I volunteered to go back. A maid rushed up with the missing articles.

We hurried into the car.

"Race track, Ignacio," she said, as she sank back.

"I was late," she told me, "because Mr. Groot was showing me emeralds. Oh, I wasn't buying any! Mr. Groot is one of Brother Cheng's friends. The sweetest little old Dutchman. Runs a shop on Foochow Road. Dennis was there. He wants me to find you a young lady friend."

"Dennis?"

"Yes. He thinks you're still brooding over that girl back home. I said I thought you were a born bachelor and a bad egg. Dennis defended you loyally."

We laughed together. Her mood was riant and infectiously care-free.

At the race track we walked around the clubhouse, avoiding the betting sheds.

"I can't meet all those people," she said. "I don't remember their names. I only came to the old races to please Mrs. Hatfield. Her son-in-law is riding."

I piloted her to the Leidig box. I obtained programs, checked on the race in which Mrs. Hatfield's son-in-law was to ride. It had already been run and his pony had placed third.

Mrs. Hatfield and Mrs. Ladue, wife of Commmander Ladue, came over. They ranked Aithra and ordinarily would have waited for the wife of a two and a half striper to visit them. But they were obviously used to making exceptions in Aithra's case.

Chenoweth and Starling, each with a young girl, went strolling by.

Aithra waved and nodded.

I gave my shipmates an exaggerated salute. They grinned.

"Cradle robbers," I said.

Aithra looked after them thoughtfully.

"Hal is all right," she said; "but Mort is such a scamp."

"Know the girls well?"

"Yes. Methea Purvis and Joan Collins. Such infants! I'm glad to see Hal picked one like Joan. She's a steady youngster. Methea is rather fluffy."

Riding back in the car I was morosely reflecting that I must live tomorrow without seeing Aithra. She had become a necessity quickly.

"Jack wants me to invite a girl for you and make a foursome for dinner and bridge."

"Thanks—I'd rather not. I'd give us away."

"But I want to see you."

"Shanghai has lots of meeting places."

"I can't sneak away, Joel."

"I must see you."

"I'll arrange the party."

"Couldn't you have more than just a foursome?"

"Yes."

"Please make it soon. Tomorrow night?"

She pressed my hand but kept her eyes straight ahead.

"All right, Joel."

THE party was not a success. Leidig monopolized Aithra, the dinner-table talk, everything. There was a marked change in his attitude toward her. He had come down to earth and was trying to establish their relationship on a physical basis. His eyes had been for Aithra and his lips for Mrs. Gorce, but he was ready now to mold a psychological and emotional unity about his wife.

I knew, watching her closely, that this changed attitude of Leidig's was repellent and yet so bound up with external practicalities that she was pitifully baffled.

The card game was progressive contract, and I played as her partner only once.

Leidig came over to our table.

"Want me to mix the drinks, dear?"

He put his arm about her shoulders and patted her.

"Oh, no, thank you, Jack. I'll have Charley Sing attend to it."

I shuffled cards. It was a rotten party!

Circumstances were more kind a few days later.

"Joel—er—would you be good enough to look after Mrs. Leidig for me this afternoon? She insists upon moving today, right now, and I can't get away." Leidig

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America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette

laughed. "The truth is, I've never been much of a handy man about the house and I'd hinder rather than help."

"Glad to, sir."

"I'd impose on Mort this time, but he skipped. Some little Britisher is taking him into camp."

"Yes. So I've heard."

"Is Shanghai offering you any attractions?"

"Very few, sir."

"You and Karnell are a credit to the service." His tone was dry. "Wise lads. No woman trouble."

"Oh, we have our share, sir," I said lightly.

Our glances met. We flushed. I knew what had happened. His wooing of Aithra had not prospered. Egotistically proud of his way with women, he had invented some theory far from the truth. But now he was beginning to wonder. Anxious, he had probed me with this request and he had seen too much in my eyes.

I went to the huge stone house across a street from the boundary of the French Concession, and walked in and through a side gate into the garden.

"Joel!"

Aithra leaned out an upper window, a bright bandana on her head.

When she came down she had put a sports sweater over her house dress and removed the bandana. Her hair was beautifully awry and she had a smudge on her chin.

"Not all moved, I hope? I came to help."

"How did you know?"

"Your husband sent me."

"Oh—he did?" Then, wryly, "We had a row about it. But I couldn't stand the hotel any longer."

A servant appeared with a tea table. The hot tea was good in the brisk late autumn afternoon.

"What about us, Aithra?" I asked.

SHE did not look up at once. She seemed to be listening. I saw her eyes darken.

"Can we do it, Joel?"

"We must."

"How will Jack—take it—do you suppose?"

"He'll take it—hard."

"What will happen to you? In the ship?"

"I'll have to apply for a transfer."

"Couldn't he—get you in trouble?"

"He wouldn't do that."

"Don't! Tell me he'd rage at you. Tell me he'd try to break you! Oh—don't you *see?* Why don't you talk against him? Tell me I'm justified?"

"Your heart must tell you that."

"Come here—kiss me."

"Does this help?"

"No. I don't—I don't trust you. You're so eager to be cruel."

An uproar in the outer court interrupted us. I turned toward the gate. What I saw there caused me to say hastily, "You go into the house. I'll attend to it."

I hurried into the courtyard.

It was Mrs. Gorce.

"What are you doing here?" I said roughly.

"Oh—Mr. Tiernan." She finished writing on her card and handed it to the boy. Then she turned to me. Her manner was casual. "You promised to telephone me."

I snatched the card out of the boy's hand.

"I'll explain why I didn't call you. There's a place down the street where we can talk."

Mrs. Gorce looked annoyed but not unfriendly.

"It wouldn't do any good. I've made up my mind to see Mrs. Leidig. I've waited too long as it is."

"You're not—"

"JOEL! What's it all about?"

I shrugged, glaring at Mrs. Gorce. She stood there with feet planted firmly. I saw that she thought of herself as Leidig's wife calling on the other woman.

"My business is with you, Mrs. Leidig."

Aithra must have read in my face that it was important, and a quick glance at Mrs. Gorce told her that she intended to be heard, either in the house or right here.

"Come in," she said.

"Thanks. That's mighty nice of you."

They moved off together, Mrs. Gorce solid and matronly beside Aithra's slim figure.

I waited in the garden. . . .

"Joel!"

I sprang up from the bench and turned to her. One look at her stricken face was enough. I put my arms around her and held her close. She clung to me like a child, but she did not cry.

"I'm sorry, Aithra."

"Let's go in the summerhouse."

We walked there hand in hand. She sank down in a big wicker chair, heedless of its dust and dirt.

"I thought I knew Jack. I thought I *knew* him."

After a pause, "How long have you known about her?"

"Since the first weeks in Manila."

"Why didn't *you* tell me?"

"I didn't tell you because Brother Cheng made me promise not to," I said. "Don't think it was beneath me. I wanted to tell you. I almost did—several times."

She placed her hands impulsively on mine.

"That is the most beautiful thing you ever said to me, Joel. I trust you now. You had a weapon and you didn't use it. I think I should have despised you if you had."

"Brother Cheng has taught me a lot, hasn't he?"

"And me. I'm so glad I waited. I am sure now of what I must do."

"There isn't any other way out, Aithra?"

"No. I shall tell him everything. He's got to go back to her."

"He won't do that."

"He must. He can't trample over a life as he has trampled over hers. I never went through such agony,

Vol. 1 . . Every other week . . No. 3

OLD MR. BOSTON

Bartender's Guide

Three excellent choices are given below for your next mixed drink. Remember to use Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin — the handy measuring cap is a great convenience. Use coupon for obtaining complete collection of recipes.

BEAUTY SPOT COCKTAIL

2-3 Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
1-3 Grenadine
White of 1 egg
Shake well with cracked ice and strain

SANGAREE COCKTAIL

1-2 teaspoon sugar
1-2 jigger Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
3 dashes of port wine
Shake thoroughly with ice, strain, sprinkle with nutmeg and serve

HORSES NECK

1 whole lemon (peel only)
1-2 jigger Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
1-2 pint ginger ale
Ice. Insert lemon peel and fill up with ginger ale.

If you can't wait 52 weeks to get a complete set of these recipes, send any part of either label from a bottle of Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin (or a colored sketch) and receive the entire collection in attractive metallic covered book.

Another installment in Liberty *Apr. 14th*

This is not a solicitation of orders from any state, territory or district wherein it is unlawful to advertise or solicit orders for such liquors

Ben-Burk, Inc. Distillers,
560 Harrison Ave.,
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed is 3¢ for postage and a label (or sketch of label) from bottle of Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin. Please send me Old Mr. Boston Bartender's Guide.

Name
(Use margin of page for address)

Joel. Sitting there while she put it all into words. Seeing her—seeing Jack— He wasn't the Jack I knew at all—there—in her days and nights. It was like holding the photograph of a murderer in my hands and trying to understand the crime. Jack is a—a—killer!"

"Isn't that a bit harsh, Aithra? I'm sure he had no idea Gorce would—"

"Her husband's death has nothing to do with it. You can kill a man without taking his life or driving him to suicide. You can strike and leave him a walking corpse. I'm—I'm not thinking of that poor fellow. I'm thinking of her. She is dying. She is dying as certainly as if Jack had given her a slow poison. I could see her dying—dying right there before my eyes. It was horrible!"

"You're too sympathetic. She's rather a cow."

"She loves Jack. That makes her very human. It's the only thing that keeps her human. No. Jack must go back to her. He *must.*"

"He'll hate her when he discovers she told you."

Aithra shook her head.

"I shan't let him know that."

"I'm afraid you'll not be able to manage a reconciliation. When a man is through, he's through. He loves *you,* after all, Aithra."

"No. He couldn't. I believed in his love—but not now. You can't build love on such a past, Joel."

"When are you going to tell him?"

"This evening. As soon as he comes."

"Let me stay. We'll tell him together."

"Still—cruel?"

"It's the manly, decent thing."

Aithra got to her feet.

"We'll do the womanly kind thing this time!"

"You're worn out already. I won't leave you to face the scene alone. That's final."

"Joel!"

"You're putting me in a coward's position. I'm not afraid of him. I want to tell him to his face."

"So? Oh, Joel! You want to gloat. You want to see him suffer. You want to triumph. I—I almost hate you."

"I'm staying."

"You're not!"

The anger and disgust in her eyes defeated me. I picked up my hat and jammed it on my head in sullen viciousness.

"All right, then."

"Joel!"

I TURNED back. Aithra was standing there, frail and older, as she might look in another testing time years from now. But she smiled with perfect courage.

"Forgive me," I said. "I—I do love you so much!"

"I love you—more."

"Sweetheart."

"You see the way?"

"Yes. Now—"

"God help us!"

"We're going to be happy, Aithra. We start from here being happy."

"I hope so. Oh, I hope so!"

I grabbed her hand and kissed it and said, "I will see you tomorrow?" And she said, "Yes. Every day!" And I left abruptly, before I ruined it all by demanding to return that evening.

Back in the ship for dinner, I was shaken out of my paradise by Dennis.

He hurried into the lighted wardroom, his uniform rumpled from work topside and his lean brown face wearing a scowl.

"Where the hell have you been all day?"

"Oh—uh—why, Leidig sent me on an errand."

"Seen anything of Chenoweth?"

"No. Why?"

"Starling has been A.W.O.L. since morning. I faked a message to stall with Horus. But he's on to the thing now and we've got to find him."

"Mort ought to know."

"He's washed his hands of it and skipped. He and Starling have had a row. I have the duty and can't leave, so you're elected."

Don't give up!

— a helping hand may be all you need

"I DO not want to give up . . . but why do I tire so easily . . . why can't I 'carry on' . . . and how is it that I do not feel like myself?"

It may be that as the result of colds . . . indoor or overwork . . . worry and the like . . . the strength of your blood has been weakened—that is, the red-blood-cells and hemo-glo-bin reduced . . . and Spring finds you with that "worn-out" and "let-down-feeling."

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S.S.S. builds sturdy health

In a seedy native restaurant near the Little Club on Nanking Road, I found Starling. He had drunk himself sober.

DRAWING BY MONTE CREWS

"Got any idea where he might be?" I asked Dennis.

"Jacobs in the Bradshaw says he saw him around noon pie-eyed drunk in the American Club bar."

"H'mn. I didn't know the kid drank."

Dennis snorted disgustedly.

"You don't know anything any more. What day is it?"

"Tuesday."

"It's Wednesday. Got any idea of the orders Horus sent around this morning?"

"No. Important?"

"Oh, just a trivial matter. We move to the firing grounds off Chefoo next Monday to shoot Long Range Battle. Sorry I brought it up. Forget it."

"Next Monday? Phew! That soon?"

He eyed me seriously.

"What *is* it, Joel?"

"Aw, China, I guess. I'll snap out."

HORUS, Dorne, Dennis, and I had dinner together. Horus tossed a newspaper on the transom and remarked, "Another peace conference blown up."

"Geneva, sir?"

"Yes. France won't disarm unless we promise to help her against Germany. The Japs want equality with England and us. This Chinese mix-up still looks bad. What if the Japs close the open door in Manchukuo?"

Dorne wriggled.

"They'd hardly dare do that, sir."

"H'mph! They'd dare worse than that. Cocky little upstarts—spoiling for a fight. Starling reported, Mr. Karnell?"

"Not yet, sir."

"H'mph! Think anything could have happened to him? Better notify shore patrol and the British police."

"Give me an hour or so, sir," I said. "I'm sure I can find him. The kid's probably had a little too much to drink."

Horus nodded, his thoughts busy with possibilities of a Japanese war. The prospect did not please him. "We shouldn't have given up our base at Manila," he grumbled. "It was worth a fleet."

He and Dorne were still glooming over the situation when I shoved off to look for Starling.

I spent half the night combing Settlement saloons and clubs. It was a small town, after all, and full of gossip. I picked up the story that our Mr. Chenoweth had been warned publicly by Methea Purvis's brother to cease his attentions. Also that our Mr. Horus had been ejected from a certain establishment on Soochow Road for protesting his bill. Also that a girl in the French set was madly in love with Dennis and was hurling herself at him.

IN a seedy native restaurant near the Little Club on Nanking Road, I found Starling. He had drunk himself sober and was staring at an untouched meal.

"Hello, Hal."

"Good evening, sir."

"We've been worried about you."

"Needn't bother, sir. I'm going to stay A. W. O. L. I'll mail the skipper my resignation."

"Yes? Why not come back to the ship and think it over?"

"I've thought it over, sir. I don't belong in the service. I'm no good."

It came out after a while—in a cracking emotional voice and schoolboy phrases. Chenoweth had signed Starling's name to chits all over town. He had wheedled him into indorsing a note for five hundred dollars. He had thought Chenoweth was an officer and a gentleman. But it wasn't the money. His folks would help him pay off. It was Chenoweth's treatment of a certain girl. This girl was the friend of another girl. He had vouched for Chenoweth. And Chenoweth had repaid his confidence by seducing the other girl. That wasn't all. He and Chenoweth had quarreled about the money and the love affair, and Chenoweth had threatened to tell Starling's girl a lot of lies about his character. Could he be blamed, sir, for wanting to kill Chenoweth? If it hadn't been for Chenoweth—

"See here," I said. "If you quit the service this way your folks will be sore. They won't send you money to square your chits. You come on back to the ship and think it over."

I drank a cup of coffee while Starling moped. I paid both checks, and he protested, "I have the money, sir." He searched his pockets and amended, "I have some in my room." I said, "Come on. You can pay me in the morning."

I walked out. He followed me. We went back to the ship. Dennis and Horus had turned in. We found Chenoweth eating a snack in the wardroom. Starling walked on by without speaking and went to his room.

Chenoweth jerked his shoulder toward the passageway.

"Glad you found him. He's acted like a heel, but I'm sorry for the kid."

"He seems rather bitter against you."

"*Comme-ci, comme-ça!* I suppose he blames me for queering himself with Joan. I went out of my way to be nice to that guy. And a lot of thanks I get! The boy simply isn't a gentleman." Then, wincing, "He's made outrageous charges against me and the purest, loveliest little girl that ever lived. If he weren't just an asinine kid I'd have to call him out for it. I may have to yet."

Chenoweth was deeply hurt. The iron had entered his soul. China had not been very kind to him, I realized. It had cost him a friendship, and oh, how Chenoweth believed in friendship! China had done other things to him, I noted. His face was puffy from too much drinking. There had been a marked lowering in Chenoweth's moral tone.

I was too much absorbed in my own crisis to attempt any adjustment between Chenoweth and Starling. I went to my room, my head full of disturbing thoughts. Aithra had told Leidig! It was done. How had Leidig acted?

What would he do? Should I write the letter asking for a transfer from the Spearman to some other ship the first thing in the morning? Or should I wait until I had seen Leidig? Would he step aside with fair grace, or would he make trouble? . . .

I was awakened about dawn by a pounding on the door. I switched on the light and said, "Yes? Who is it?"

There was no answer except several heavy knocks. Dazed from sleep, I jerked the door open.

"I want to talk to you!"

Leidig swayed in the passageway, glaring like a madman. He was hatless, his bloody hair tumbled about his temples. His gray civilian clothes were creased and dirty and smelled of whisky. His shoulders huddled forward brokenly and he was gasping as though from the pain of a bone-crushing blow in the chest. All the lines of his face had sagged and deepened.

"C-come in," I said.

"Damn you!" He shuffled toward me like an old man palsied with rage, and burst into a hysterical incoherent denunciation: ". . . trusted you . . . filthy rat . . . can't do that to me . . . kill you . . . my wife . . ."

"You've got it all wrong—you've got it all wrong," I said over and over.

"Don't lie out of it, you—"

He lunged at me. I grabbed his arms and held him. He was very much lighter and weaker than I, despite his frenzy.

"Take your hands off me, you—"

"Steady, sir. Let's not—"

The arrival of Starling and Dennis and Horus at the open door was a blessed relief.

"W-what's going on here, sir?" Horus stammered.

Released, Leidig's pride took command. He straightened and wheeled upon the pyjama-clad figures.

"This is a personal matter. You fellows go to your quarters."

Starling and Horus turned away.

"What's the trouble, Joel?" Dennis demanded.

Leidig flamed into violent rage again.

"None of your damn' business! Go to your room!"

"You're drunk, aren't you, sir?" was Dennis's mild response.

"Yes, Miss Pansy, I am. Shock you?"

Dennis smiled.

"Any time you're willing to knock off rates with me, sir, I'll try to correct that impression. You're about my weight, I think." Then, to me, "What's he bullying you for?"

I examined some blood on my finger. I had a cut lip.

"Keep out of it, Dennis. This is between the captain and me."

Ugly, Leidig faced Dennis.

"CONSIDER yourself under arrest, Mr. Karnell. Are you going or must I call the guard?"

"My resignation will be on your desk in ten minutes, captain."

"Good! Glad to hear it."

"You won't be so glad to hear this: I think you're an ungrateful ——, captain! Joel has tried to be your friend."

Dennis turned on his heel and walked out, banging the door shut after him. Leidig made a motion as if to go, then paused for a final word.

"My friend, eh? Making love to my wife behind my back! Lying to her to turn her against me—"

"I didn't tell her about Mrs. Gorce."

"Expect me to believe that?"

"I don't care what you believe. I love Aithra and she loves me. We're going to marry."

"Yes? Don't kid yourself, Tiernan! Think I'd let her divorce me? I'd kill you first. I'd kill you both!"

I looked at him hard. His eyes were black with hatred.

What steps will Leidig's jealousy lead him to take? Will he try to hold Aithra, regardless of her wishes and to spite Joel? In the next installment of this great novel there are dramatic developments that will have far-reaching effects on the lives of Aithra and Joel.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 25

1—A trainer of thieves in Dickens's Oliver Twist.

2—To sound.

3—The first and last letters in the Greek alphabet; figuratively, the beginning and the end; the whole.

4—By Sir Isaac Pitman, about 1837.

5—In Greek mythology, a race of female warriors; also female warriors of Dahomey.

6—A socially superior group.

7—A prison in Paris, used chiefly for political offenders.

8—St. John the Evangelist.

9—A native nurse or lady's maid in India.

10—*Amicus curiæ.*

11—Thirty-one, including Franklin D. Roosevelt.

12—Eugene Field.

13—Philadelphia.

14—In classical mythology, he ferried the souls of the dead across the river Styx.

15—A midshipman.

16—Rudyard Kipling.

17—Maine.

18—A flashy, worthless ornament; pretentious.

19—To make or become stony by deposits of lime salts.

20—The Urals.

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Rendezvous

by

EDGAR BOULIGNY

as told to

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HAVING previously told how he enlisted in the Foreign Legion as the war was beginning in Europe, how he became acquainted with Alan Seeger and the other American Legionnaires who were to win undying fame, and how he was made a corporal and moved up with his outfit to the front, Edgar Bouligny in last week's installment described his baptism of fire and the grisly midnight skirmish that ensued in the old cemetery at Craonne.

He told also of the lovelorn tattooings that covered the back of Félix, an ex-apache Legionnaire, and of Félix's side-splitting reminiscences of his sufferings at the hands of ruthless fair ones. Then, quietly and impressively, he told of watching Seeger write the first three lines of his poem, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death."

Near Craonne, Bouligny was badly wounded in the right knee. In a hospital at Château-Thierry he heard a surgeon say, "It's paralyzed. It will be better to send him to Port-à-Binson. He's through."

PART III

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY

A FINE school at Port-à-Binson on Marne had been made into a hospital. When a physician examined me, I asked hopelessly whether he thought he could save my leg.

"Save it?" he said, plainly astonished. "Why not?"

In the dark they stumbled into barbed-wire entangle

I told him what I had overheard at Château-Thierry.

"You imagined that—or the doctor was crazy."

"But," I stammered, "it will always be paralyzed?"

"Not at all," he answered. "Barring bad luck, you should be able to rejoin your command in January."

I studied his face closely and decided he was telling me the truth. Maybe I have known a happier moment, but I cannot recall it.

Shortly after New Year's, 1915, I was sent to a cen-

AN AMERICAN FIGHTER'S

Illustrations by HENRY ALAN

ients just as Germans in a near-by ditch opened a murderous fire.

tralized depot. Then came the longed-for news: My regiment was in repose, and I could rejoin it by walking. I hiked and enjoyed every foot of the journey.

Arriving, I found that repose meant nothing. Barbed wire was beginning to arrive by tons. Third- and fourth-line trenches must be dug, bombproofs constructed.

Dennis Dowd was the first pal I met. "Come on in this house," he sang out. "I've a whole pile of *colies* [parcels] from relatives and friends. I'll split them with you to show how glad I am that you're back, fit as a fiddle."

We were in the midst of parcel-opening when angry cries in Arabic, French, and English assailed our ears. From the window we could see a group of Arab Legionnaires, with Chatkoff and Phelizot in the center. The Arabs began swarming on the Americans.

Dowd and I leaped down the stairway and started to the rescue. A dozen other Americans came running. Chatkoff was wading into the Arabs with his hobnails and Phelizot's fists were flying like pistons.

"You will say a dirty Arab can whip two Americans, will you?" he cried. "Take that!" A dusky Legionnaire took it on the button and dropped.

Just then Bou-ba-Kir, sometime Arab partner of Félix, rushed into the mêlée, swinging his *bidon* which contained two liters of wine. The blow caught Phelizot on the side of the head and stretched him unconscious.

Two or three of the boys carried him into the house. The rest fell upon the Arabs in general and Bou-ba-Kir in particular; he was more dead than alive when he was carried away. The Legion never saw him again.

POOR Phelizot regained consciousness in about an hour. The next day he was almost crazed with pain. He reported ill at the infirmary, but the battalion doctor insisted there was nothing wrong with him and ordered him back to duty. This happened again on the second day—and then Phelizot's company commander found him prostrate beside the highway, moaning with pain and already partly paralyzed.

An ambulance rushed the sufferer to a base hospital. Surgeons there found he had a fractured skull. Too late now; tetanus had him securely in its grasp. After lying unconscious for hours, the poor fellow rallied, raised himself on his cot, and pulling from under his shirt the American flag which he had carried around his waist since the Yankee volunteers left Camp Mailly, he waved it feebly. "I am an American, thank God!" he cried, and fell over dead.

We buried him at Fismes. The heartless and incompetent doctor disappeared as if by magic.

It was well for him. He would have been as popular in the Legion thereafter as Bou-ba-Kir.

My first glimpse of Sweeney revealed to my surprise and delight that he was wearing the gold chevron of a sergeant. His West Point training had stood him in good stead when he once learned French.

Late in the afternoon following our return to the vicinity of Craonnelle, I was on outpost duty above the cemetery. Two Belgians were resting with Company Four in the woods a half mile back. Presently they started walking toward the cemetery—and slipped past three sentries in the dusk.

As they came opposite me they started to run toward Craonne. "Where are you going?" I yelled. The only answer was accelerated speed. Almost immediately rifles

began blazing from the rear, and I realized the Belgians were trying to join the enemy. At perhaps five hundred yards Sergeant Schmidt and I emptied our magazines at the fleeing men. The bullets must have singed their ears, for one threw up his hands and came running toward us. The other continued toward the enemy lines.

Adjutant Mader, Sweeney, and a squad darted after him while Schmidt and I questioned his companion.

"Where were you going?" thundered Schmidt.

"After salad from a truck patch."

"Why didn't you have your rifle?"

"I didn't think I would need it, sir."

"And your *sac*—where is it?"

"I—I left it in the woods."

"Search him, corporal."

I pulled several military papers from his blouse. He was white as death and shaking violently.

Mader's detachment followed the other fugitive to the outskirts of Craonne. In the darkness they stumbled into barbed-wire entanglements just as Germans lurking in a near-by ditch opened a murderous fire. Two Legionnaires caught in the wire were riddled with bullets. A third, badly wounded, Sweeney dragged three quarters of a mile out of the danger zone. The Belgian they were pursuing reached the enemy line.

Next morning we could see the bodies of our two comrades swinging on the entanglements. That night the captured Belgian was court-martialed. Mader was one of the board. At dawn they asked if the prisoner had anything to say.

"I will tell the truth. I planned to desert."

A shallow grave was dug. Trembling, knees sagging, the Belgian half stood, half reeled for a few seconds. Twelve rifles cracked. The wretch fell face upward into the new-made pit.

How many lives that one desertion cost will never be known. With their range corrected to a mathematical certainty, the German artillery started strafing the *Deuxième Etranger*. Meanwhile, in the distance, new enemy earthworks were coming up like ant hills. Something was afoot. We didn't know what. Then somebody passed along the news. It was January 27. The Kaiser had just turned fifty-six. Every Boche cannon was thundering "Happy birthday!"

To our left was La Vallée Toulon, the doorway to the Aisne, protected by batteries of .75s which salvoed a hideous echo to the enemy fusillade.

During the night the 148th French regiment on our left and in liaison with us had sent a battalion into a stone quarry which had but a small entrance from the rear. At eleven o'clock the Germans leaped from their entrenchment and swarmed toward the quarry. We could see the officers in the rear urging on the privates ahead, only every other one of whom carried rifles. The riflemen were firing from their hips. What were those fellows going to do who had left their guns behind?

WE soon found out. A few squads of Frenchmen burst from the quarries in an effort to help the sentries, only to meet a devastating shower of hand grenades with which the alternate privates were armed.

The novelty of the attack soon had its effect. Demoralized by the grenades, which up to that time none of us knew anything about, that battalion surrendered after suffering large losses. Eight kilometers, from the quarry to Soissons, had fallen into enemy hands. Several German battalions had broken into our rear and we were in imminent danger of being cut to pieces.

For two hours the Boches were in possession of their newly gained territory. Then hell howled from our rear —our .75s. The stone quarry became a belching volcano of exploding shells. The victors of two hours before were massacred. The valley beyond was choked with dead also. Even Soissons was hammered punch drunk for the French infantry to capture.

Wilhelm's happy birthday news would have to come from another sector!

One morning an orderly summoned me.

"Corporal," the commandant said, "I have had good reports about you. Would you like to be a sergeant?"

"If *mon commandant* desires it."

"*Bien!*" he answered. "It is a pleasure to promote you." He handed me a bit of gold braid. Faithful Waltz insisted upon sewing it on my blouse.

"Sergeant Bouligny, what do you know about this fellow Forrester?"

Captain Sandre fired this embarrassing question at me one morning as I was coming off guard. Like all the other Americans, I knew Forrester well. He claimed to be an ex-bartender from San Francisco. He could play a piano like nobody's business and could sing. But invariably, after a few selections, he would launch into a Red stump speech. He was well educated, and apparently keen upon converting others to his radical views, but his efforts were so sat upon by his fellow Americans that he became sour and an obvious malcontent. On several occasions he had shown a yellow streak which added to his unpopularity.

"A peculiar man, *mon capitaine*," I replied to Sandre, "but I know nothing against him."

"Keep an eye on him," snapped the captain. "I suspect him to be one of the chief causes of the discontent that is spreading among our Russians."

I sent for the ex-bartender. "Forrester," I told him, "you've got to learn to keep that 'red' tongue of yours quiet. If you find yourself facing a court-martial, remember that you received a friendly warning and failed to heed it."

FORRESTER was the soul of gratitude. "I shall never forget your kindly tip," he said as he left my dugout. "I only hope that sometime I can repay you."

He repaid me the following day by stealing a new set of boxing gloves which Paul Rockwell had sent to me from Paris. We found them among his effects. I did not report him, but the gang rode him hard.

The crisis came when he was ordered out with a work squad to repair a listening post. Instead of going he ducked and went to sleep in the woods. Fellow members of the detail, fearing he might be lying out wounded, wormed their way about no man's land for hours in an effort to locate him. After thus risking their lives, they were amazed to have him rejoin them and call them saps for not following his example.

The result was a summons before Captain Sandre—just what he wanted. To make sure of a sentence to prison

Chatkoff, wearing one of the first trench helmets issued to French soldiers, and (at right) Bouligny.

Sergeant Edgar Bouligny of the Second Legion, "six feet tall and hard as a dock walloper," at Lassigny.

that would take him away from the front he hurled an insulting epithet at the captain and struck him.

Luckily for Forrester, there were three other commissioned officers present—for Sandre was a man of iron nerve and physique and fighting of any kind was his middle name.

A court-martial debated all night on the case. Because of Forrester's American citizenship, it was finally decided to give him five years' imprisonment—to be served *after the war*. In the meantime he would stay on the job, and if he was prudent he might be healthy. But Forrester was incurable, as we were to learn.

Gradually my Yankee pals were finding their way to the hospitals. Theodore Hass was literally riddled with shrapnel in April. Yet he was to come back for more. Bob Percy, the quiet soldierly Negro from Mississippi; Casey, the artist; Delpeuch, the baby of the Legion; Soubiran, the old auto racer; Fred Zinn, Beaumont, Carstairs, and many others had been sent back behind the lines to recuperate. Bill Thaw walked thirty miles to an aviation depot, where he succeeded in talking his way into the service in which he was to become an outstanding ace.

BUT the worst disappointment to me and to most of the Americans who were left was the fate of Paul Rockwell. Wounded and racked by illness, he was invalided out of the service after being decorated with the Croix de Guerre, the Médaille Militaire, and the Legion of Honor for conspicuous bravery at the front.

Some fine Americans arrived from time to time to fill places of those we lost. One of these was John Bowe, a resident and former mayor of Canby, Minnesota, who was forty-six years old when the war broke out. Throwing up a prosperous produce business without a moment's notice and leaving his wife and three children, he took a train to New York and sailed for England. There he tried to enlist in the army but was told he would have to renounce his American citizenship. Going to Paris, he enlisted in the Legion.

He was a veteran of the Spanish-American War, and had been twice cited for gallantry in the Philippines and awarded a Congressional Medal. Although far past military age, he became one of the Legion's finest soldiers. Later, transferring to the famous 170th, or Swallows of Death, he served in five regiments until he was finally evacuated as the result of illness. He was wounded in Champagne and won the Croix de Guerre and the Serbian Medal.

Other splendid soldiers who joined us about the same time were Guy H. Angostini of San Francisco and Wildred Michaud of Detroit. To the *Premier Etranger* had come a number who were to make history, including Paul Pavelka of Madison, Connecticut; Harmon Dunn Hall, a native of St. Paul, Minnesota, but a resident of Chicago and a charter member of the famous Adventurers' Club; Frank Musgrave of San Antonio, Texas—"Lucky Frank"; Russell Kelly of New York, whose fate is still one of the mysteries of the Legion; Lawrence Scanlan of Cedarhurst, Long Island; Nelson Larsen of Buffalo, Jack Janz of Philadelphia, and John Smith of Wooster, Ohio.

Meanwhile our first helmets had appeared—and what a joke they were!—little steel skullcaps that fitted over the head like a porridge bowl. We wore them for probably a half hour, then let them do duty as teapots. For while we were wearing them a shell burst above a section, killing two and wounding twenty, many of whom could have gone unscathed had we possessed helmets of the type the Germans already wore.

AT last came orders for a relief, and with them the inspiring news that Italy was coming in on the side of the Allies. Every one was happy—even the Russians. All night we marched in the direction of Rilly-la-Montagne. The wine ration had been very liberal. Late in the morning we reached our destination. More joy. Our section was quartered in a beautiful home of a flourishing grape grower. Electric lights! The first we had seen for months. Two motherly middle-aged women working like Trojans to provide us with home-cooking luxuries. Plenty of sleep. Paradise, sure enough.

Alas! The second night in the grape-growing paradise came hurried orders to "fall in." Many could scarcely keep from falling down. What was it all about? Nobody knew. We never did—only the higher officers.

Next morning, after all that hoofing, what a headache! Yes, indeed, literally and figuratively. For we were halted in a deep *abri* in the vicinity of Sillery which was just as calm and peaceful as Craonnelle had been at the height of the German bombardments. Furthermore, the underground wireless quickly spread that a part of the battalion was to be ordered up to the front to relieve French sentries who were going into repose.

The gloom was thick. Who would be the goats? Captain Sandre settled that. The Russians had been lying down on the job whenever possible. To be sure, they had braced up recently. But now was a good time to test them out.

Soon after they had tossed off their *sacs* they were ordered to the front.

"To hell with those Frenchmen!" chorused the ringleaders of the discontent among them. "We're tired and we're not going to relieve anybody." There was nothing to do but report an open defiance of orders to Sandre.

Upon the section the hard-boiled *ancien* descended. "*Sac aux dos* [Shoulder knapsacks]!" he ordered.

Not a Russian stirred.

Out came Sandre's watch.

"You have three minutes to get out your *livrets militaires* and read the articles of war, especially the section on refusal to obey orders in the presence of the enemy."

Some Russians scowled. Some blanched. None moved.

"One minute," sang out Captain Sandre.

The warning had no effect.

"Two minutes!"

Tears in Sandre's gleaming eyes intensified their brightness. "You are signing your death warrants," he snapped. "Three minutes! Take away their rifles."

Sous-officiers gathered up the Lebels.

Sandre whipped out his pistol. Click.

"Now lie down, you yellow dogs!"

They flopped like a row of toy soldiers—all save one, a huge lummox, the chief disturber. For an instant I thought Sandre would shoot. Instead he glided forward

with a feline movement and heaved an uppercut. The Slav dropped, then clutched at his leg.

"You—" the fallen man exclaimed. But he got no further. The captain's foot thumped against his sides again and again until he was bellowing for mercy.

Sandre gave an apologetic shrug. "What else can one do with such swine?" he asked, then ordered the whole lot placed under arrest.

Tough luck for the Russians. And for my section too, for we were sent out for four days on the patrol duty they rebelled against. Upon our return the latest orders of the Legion were read. A court-martial had considered the case. Nine of the leaders had been sentenced to death. A dozen others were condemned to Africa.

The change in the Russians who went neither south nor "west" was miraculous. Henceforth beavers would be sluggards by comparison with them—and they would smile as they toiled.

On July 2 a cyclist drew up beside me and inquired, "Would you like to go to Paris?"

"Are you slightly crazy?" I returned.

"No," was his reply; "only crazy to go. But there's no chance. The offer is for Americans only."

"If you're not kidding, put my name in the pot!" I shouted. "What's happened? Is the war over?"

"No, but it seems that you Americans have some kind of feast day on July fourth."

Then it dawned upon me. The Yanks of the Legion were to be given leave to shoot off a few firecrackers.

He put down my name and passed on, looking for other Americans. The Poles, Roumanians, Arabs, and other foreigners crowded around, insisting that he take their names. He left them heartsick with disappointment. But there was not a yellow streak in one of them.

"Lucky sergeant!" exclaimed a little Russian Jew, and he whisked off his *képi* and passed it around. "Dig up a few sous, each of you, so he won't be broke in Paris. *Sacré bleu!* What good is money here in trenches?"

I protested, but they would not listen. Small coins clinked into the *képi*. The little Russian forced them into my hand. "Only twenty francs," he apologized. "A lot of affection goes with it, though." Nothing else I have ever received has touched me quite so deeply.

My first morning in Paris, I walked for blocks, then spotted a café where there was music and dancing. Seating myself at one of the tables, I scanned the throng of uniformed men in vain for a fellow Legionnaire.

A blonde performer whose singing I admired gave several French numbers and an English army song. Then, evidently realizing I was one of the Americans on Fourth of July furlough, she sang the chorus of Sousa's Stars and Stripes Forever.

I bowed my gratitude and she came over to the table.

"Really, mademoiselle," I said, "your American pronunciation is perfect."

"My Lordy," she said, "it ought to be O.K.! My dad used to be a chef in an Indianapolis hotel, and I went to high school there. I've only been back in Paris five years."

SHE sat down and sipped a glass of wine. Then, as three khaki-clad soldiers sauntered in, she exclaimed, "Hello, here's some Britishers! I've got to get back on the job and sing God Save the King or something."

She flitted away. The Tommy Atkins trio took the vacant chairs at my table. We drifted into conversation; pointed out the mistakes of mere generals and field marshals, as might be expected of privates and noncoms; became rather chummy.

Daylight began to streak through the café windows. The blonde performer came to our table again and announced that her night's labors were drawing to a close. One of the Tommies had suggested that I join them in going places. Would mademoiselle like to accompany us?

"Sure, Mike!" she responded in her best Hoosier.

A mixed quintet in a French taxicab! Café after café, the blonde singing impromptu numbers, my head beginning to split and my lungs threatening to collapse from the stuffy air.

With the sun high in the heavens, I dissolved partnership with my new friends and walked for miles.

Later I stumbled across Bowe and Seeger and remained with them a while. But every one had his own idea of how to occupy the fleeting moments of freedom in Paris.

Our forty-eight hours passed on wings, of course. But when we reached our outfit it seemed we had been absent quite a while, for many things had been happening.

The Second Legion was no longer in the trenches but in dugouts in a hollow back of Brimont.

It was commonly understood that we were due for a new position which eventually would bring us into action compared with which all our previous experience would be child's play. No more accurate rumor was ever given wings.

Sweeney had been recommended for *sous-lieutenant*, the first American to be in sight of a commission.

New implements of war had been distributed. The first I saw was a large box of egg-shaped glass receptacles. A Legionnaire dropped one—and we staggered away after our first introduction to tear gas.

Our first grenades, too, had appeared. What clumsy things they were! Occasionally one would really explode. The first five I tossed were duds because the fuses were wet. The sixth went off magnificently.

ORDERS to entrain at once reached us on July 14 and we were moved to Belfort. Members of the First Regiment greeted us there. Instead of a big battle right away, we were told, a rollicking vacation was in prospect—a quiet sojourn of weeks in the Vosges Mountains.

Great news! A long stay in peaceful Alsace! The first night we spent among villagers who were glad to see us. But at Rodern they were typically German. They had no love for France and were not slow to show that as far as they were concerned the tales depicting Alsace as a kidnaped child weeping for her mother were bunk.

We were joined with the entire Moroccan division—30,000 fighting men. We went through daily maneuvers on a grand scale. President Poincaré, M. Millerand, General de Castelnau, and other dignitaries arrived on September 13 to see if a "holiday" had rounded us into shock troops. At the review new battle flags were presented to the Legion and the banner of the First Regiment was decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

"All work and no play, etc." So we wound up the occasion with a historic field day, which was fiercely contested. I was fortunate enough to win my boxing match with Tony Paulet for the Legion light-heavyweight championship. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Edgar Bouligny also won the all-around athletic championship of the Legion here.]

After the excitement of the ceremony every one was feeling in fine fettle and we went at it as though a Madison Square Garden purse was in store for the winner. Arabs, Moroccans, Algerians, and other foreigners became so much more excited than the contestants, however, that officers put an end to the set-to, much to the disgust of John Bowe and Denny Dowd who had appointed themselves my seconds and loudly protested the rather unsatisfactory outcome.

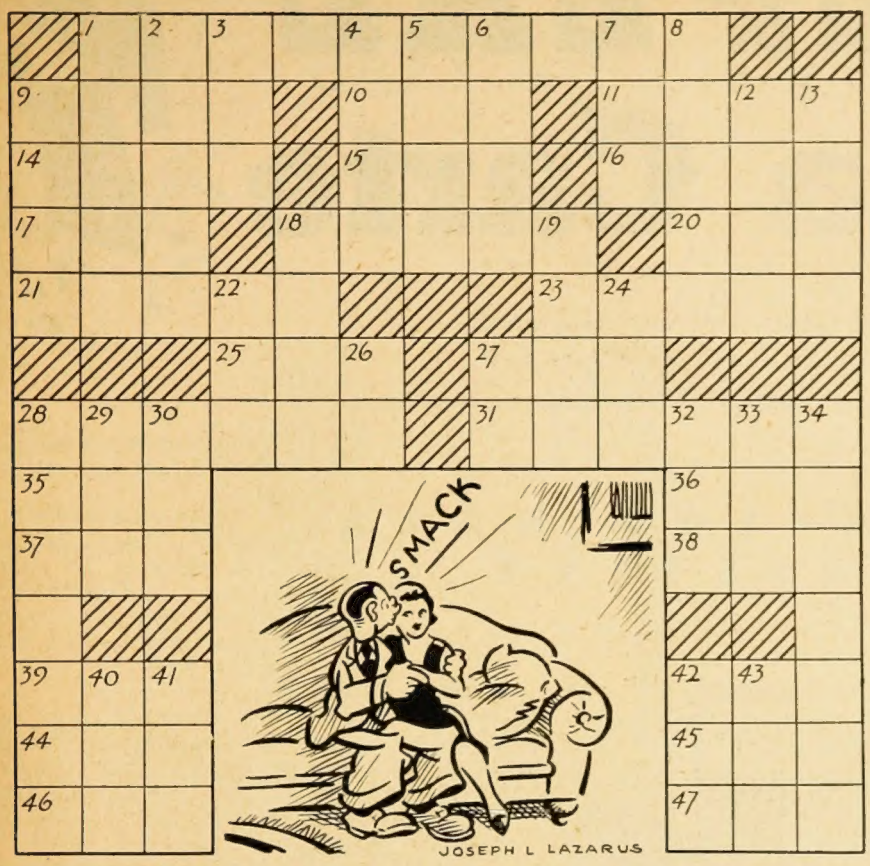
We were a quite happy lot of soldiers that night. Had not General de Castelnau pronounced us the finest body of troops he had ever reviewed? What a host we seemed in that wheat field—30,000 strong!

And yet, when the hammer blow we were preparing had fallen in Champagne, eighty thousand soldiers in French uniforms would be lying dead upon the chalky fields.

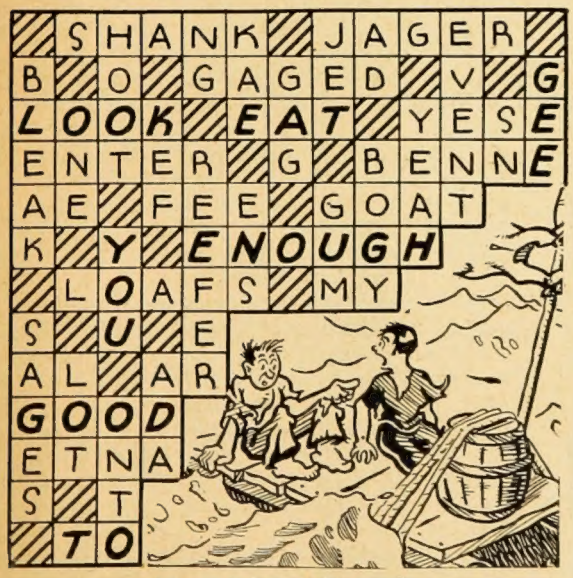
Two more days of rest in the peaceful Vosges. Then, packed into cattle cars, we jostled away for two days, arriving at daybreak at Châlons-sur-Marne.

Edgar Bouligny's never-to-be-forgotten account of the Second Legion's part, and his own, in that carnival of slaughter, the great Battle of Champagne, will feature next week's installment. He will tell what it was like to be wounded almost unto death, and will give a touching glimpse of Alan Seeger on the eve of his "rendezvous with Death."

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.



Answer to last week's puzzle

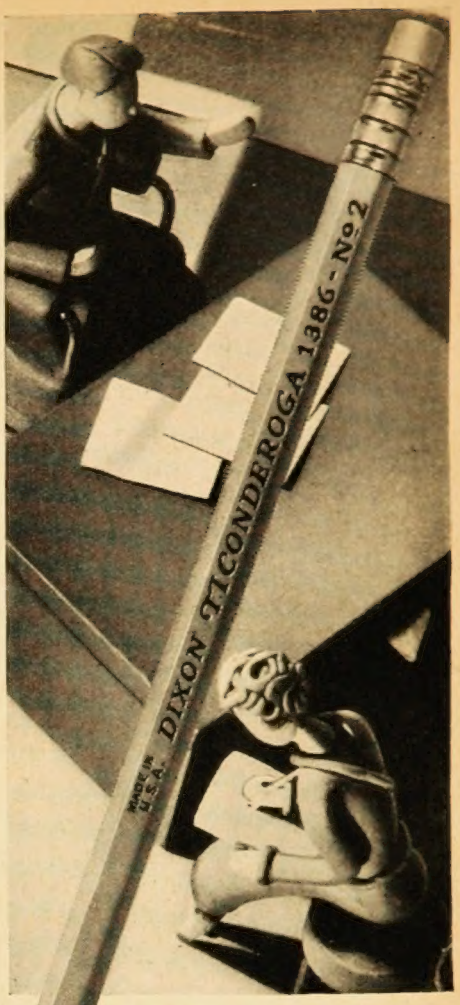
HORIZONTAL

1 Absurd
9 Rod
10 Diminutive suffix
11 Triangular piece
14 March 15 (antiq.)
15 Those in office
16 Arabian outer garment
17 Part of the mouth
18 Level surfaces
20 Eggs of fish
21 Hauler
23 Throws
25 A mass (dial.)
27 A color
28 Daughter of Herodias
31 Ingredient of incense
35 A Shoshonean Indian
36 Help
37 An insect
38 Article of furniture
39 Evil
42 And so on
44 My (Italian)
45 Definite article
46 City in Cambridgeshire, England
47 Air (Latin)

VERTICAL

1 Pertaining to radiant energy
2 Unsuited
3 Doctor of dental surgery (abbr.)
4 A spiral
5 A bone of the forearm
6 For fear that
7 Exclamation of disgust
8 Glides aloft
9 Droop
12 Uproar
13 Makes barely enough
18 Out of
19 Scrutinize
22 The self
24 One indefinitely
26 Exist
27 Toward
28 Grand
29 Consumed
30 Shelter
32 Vehicle
33 Hasten
34 One who cites
40 Girl's nickname
41 To place
42 Greek letter
43 Definite article

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



ROUNDED EDGES PLEASE THE FINGERS

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America's Favorite Pencil
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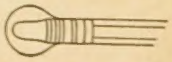
TIP FOR TYPISTS

Also comes with new Knifedge, the handy rubber eraser tip for typists.



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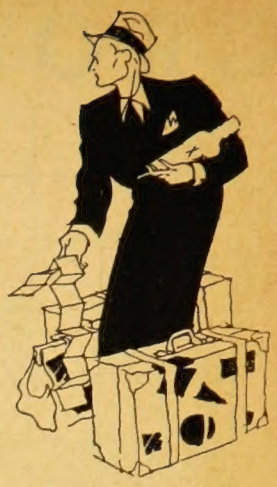
REPEAL à la Carte



A Glance at Our National Crazy Quilt of Ways and Means of Drinking

READING TIME:
3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

by
MALVERN HALL TILLITT

CARTOONS BY CARL PFEUFER

SINCE repeal, revival of the traffic in alcoholic beverages within the law has been giving rise to many problems for state and federal governments to solve. And a number of them will prove hard nuts to crack.

Twenty-three states are dry. The other twenty-five are wet. Of these, twenty-four have enacted new liquor-control laws—and a weird assortment they are.

The " nuttiness " of all this is thrown into high visibility at this writing by a trip across the continent from Boston in a Pullman with drink-licensed dining or buffet car attached.

Within Massachusetts, thirst can be slaked between terminals with hard liquor at or between meals, at table or away from table, in a chair or standing. But through Rhode Island the traveler must sit at a table where food is served to qualify for a drink, limited to beer or wine. Crossing Connecticut, only beer or wine can be purchased by the glass—and that only with meals.

On entering New York State, stronger drink can be had, but one must be seated at a table where regular meals are served.

In New Jersey the limit is off. Any drink fancied can be served, and in any way desired. On crossing into Pennsylvania, such liquor drinking can be continued while the train is in motion. But if the train is delayed at a station located in a dry local-option area, no liquor can be served.

In Ohio drinks continue to flow as ordered. But in Indiana the traveler must keep to 3.2-per-cent beer—unless at some stop he can dash to a drug store and buy stronger liquor, which may be sold there without a prescription.

In Illinois, at present, anything in the way of drink service goes. In Missouri the flow of hard drink is fancy-free. In Kansas the " bone-dry " rule still flourishes and no intoxicating beverage can be sold. Through Colorado the limit is 3.2, and so it is in Wyoming.

Montana permits 3.2 beer and wine to be served, but no stronger beverage—though at state liquor stores a bottle of whisky or brandy or gin can be obtained with individual permit to purchase—which the stay of the train will probably not give the traveler time to secure. Then follows a plunge through Idaho with the 3.2 limit.

As the train passes into Washington, wine and beer service returns. In Oregon the permissible alcoholic content changes to 14 per cent. But on crossing into California the traveler must content himself with beer or wine, though there are no meal or table service requirements.

Additional variations appear in the liquor-control systems of other states. And as the list of new regulatory liquor acts lengthens, even more differences in restrictions and limitations are threatened.

With wide-open or liberally regulated states strewn through the country, extreme restrictions in some commonwealths are to be discounted. For in this automobile age a thirst denied quenching in one state can generally be quenched in another.

All this emphasizes the demand for correlated effort for harmonious regulatory systems.

Early changes in control laws in states where such legislation has been carried to extremes may be urgently needed.

A related problem is that of defending dry states against rumrunning from wet ones.

EXPERIENCE of the dry states in the era preceding the Eighteenth Amendment bore witness to the self-defeating folly of legislation beyond the limits of compliance and enforcement. And think of the record under national prohibition!

Along the same line runs the record in the Canadian province of Quebec and in Sweden. Yet their populations are more homogeneous and therefore easier to control than are those of many of the United States.

Already warning signals are to be read in the manifestation of illicit liquor-traffic interests. And political corruption has begun to show its cloven foot in some overregulated states.

Another hard nut to crack is the problem of tariff and taxation. If the profit as fixed by the tariff is high enough, vast quantities of liquor will be illegally brought into the country. Manifestly the present tariff on hard liquor must be greatly reduced. Emanuel Celler, Congressman from New York and member of the high-powered House Judiciary Committee, holds that reduction from the present $5 per gallon to $2 or $2.50 at least is now called for.

According to reliable information, President Roosevelt has recently expressed conviction that reduction of the tariff to combat illegal traffic is imperative.

Excise taxes also should be at rates that will permit prices low enough to render bootleg operations unprofitable.

In solution of this branch of the problem both the states and the federal government must share.

THE END

It Happens

TO RILE THE NICEST HUSBAND!

DOES IT PAY

TO BUY A PIG IN A POKE?

When you're urged into buying coffee out of a bin or dressed up with a fanciful unknown name, you're taking a big gamble. Supposing it does cost a few pennies less than your good favorite brand. Cheap coffee is expensive if you have to heap more tablespoonfuls in your coffee pot. And flat, insipid coffee can ruin the finest breakfast.

The clerk who sells you on an "unknown" coffee may sincerely wish to be helpful—but sometimes he's ordered to push it just for the sake of extra profits in the cash register. So it pays you to think for yourself. Ask for the brand of coffee you know and like. Don't make your family pay for doubtful experiments!

Just a drink but—what a drink. And so today ice-cold, refreshing Coca-Cola is served as a beverage in leading hospitals. It fills a need. There's wholesome buoyancy in its life and sparkle. Its tingling, delicious taste meets a happy welcome wherever it is served.

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